

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXV. No. 899.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28th, 1914.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6D.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



RITA MARTIN.

THE HON. MRS. JOHN WARD AND HER SON.

74, Baker Street, W.



Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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TASTE IN COTTAGE BUILDING.

NOW that the great National Cottage Competition which we inaugurated has come to a conclusion and the assessors are at work upon the designs submitted, it may not be amiss to recall the attention of readers to the object with which this action was taken. It will be remembered that we took up a considered and definite attitude at the time when there was much talk of cottage building and the air was heavy with the din of conflicting schemes; we pointed out that there was one aspect on which we could all agree. There are and will continue to be differences of opinion as to the best methods of supplying the want of cottages. Some would place the responsibility on the local authority, others on the individual. Many think that houses should be built for the labourers out of the public taxes, and others that the duty is one devolving upon the owners of land. These issues must be fought out by the rival advocates. One conclusion emerges clearly. It is, that whatever may be our politics, we can unite in an endeavour to see that the

quiet country places are supplied with houses which will be no blot on the landscape and yet be comfortable and practical.

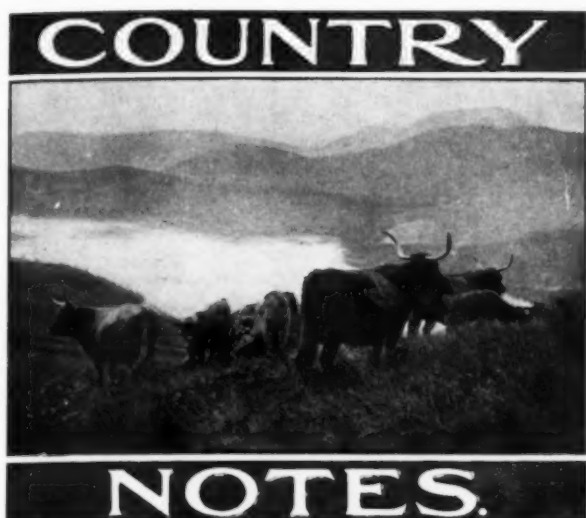
The latter consideration has been kept very prominently before the eyes of the assessors. Out of the multitude of the designs submitted to them, they have chosen none for the sole reason that it was what is called in the jargon of the day "artistic." After all, the first consideration is comfort and utility. Where these are lacking, no beauty of design can afford compensation. We even might go further and assert that it is no real beauty which rests upon anything but usefulness. Our point was, and is, that a cottage which will provide the maximum of convenience to the tenant need not be an eyesore, and that very little additional expense will make it beautiful as well as good. Now, there are many beneficently minded philanthropists who have been busily engaged in evolving schemes which do not take æsthetics into consideration at all. They have produced flimsy structures of lath and plaster where rabbit wire had to be introduced for the purpose of giving some sort of cohesion. They have resorted to every device which has the mere recommendation of cheapness. We do not believe that in this way lies salvation. A cottage that is flimsy in construction will also be ephemeral in its existence, and the owner of it may rest assured that in the end it will cost him more either in the way of repairs or in rebuilding. Those who know what is going on in the country at the moment are well aware that there is not the slightest exaggeration in these phrases. We could take them to cottages being built at this moment, so ill constructed that an individual, and far less a family, could not enjoy in them the ordinary advantages of a shelter. Walls are a 4½ in. brick thick, in some cases; the rooms small; the divisions and partitions so slight that they might be knocked down with a boy's toy hammer. Not until an examination is made of the ugliness and horror being perpetrated daily is it possible to realise how slowly good taste advances.

Nevertheless, and this is what building owners should take into account, the standard of taste is being steadily improved. Where ugliness and discomfort were universal one sees, here and there, signs of grace in the shape of a cottage that combines quality of elevation with a maximum regard for the wants of the inhabitants. We cannot believe that opinion will go back, and hence many of the cottages that are now being hurried into existence will in a short space of time be regarded as hovels, so that the money which they have cost might as well have been thrown into the sea. The success of our scheme ought to render a return to the old bad ways difficult, if not impossible. We have no wish to anticipate in any way the decision of the judges; but, having looked over the designs, we can assure our readers that in quality they surpass expectation. It is very much to the credit of the architectural profession that this should be so, because many of the competitors are in lucrative practice, and any reward we may be able to offer can only appeal to them as an acknowledgment of the service they have rendered. But, furthermore, those who own the land have risen to the occasion as much as the architects, and, all being well, it is safe to say that in every important district of Great Britain there will be erected cottages which will be models of what such dwellings should be. This is the great object of the competition. We are very well aware that preaching is a vain and futile thing, even though the doctrine enunciated is soundness itself. An ounce of practice, according to the old proverb, is worth more than a pound of theory. An exposition of principle appeals to the ear and to the reason; but the building of the cottage not only makes this appeal, but another to the eye and judgment. Many who see the thing done will feel more convinced than they could possibly be by the most eloquent exposition that was unaccompanied by practical demonstration.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

OUR portrait illustration is of the Hon. Mrs. John Ward and her son Jack. Mrs. John Ward is the daughter of the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador in London, and was married to the Hon. John Ward, C.V.O., in 1908.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



HORSE-LOVING readers will find much to interest them in the voluminous correspondence which has been called forth this week by a criticism of the method of judging young polo ponies set forth in a letter which appeared in last week's issue over the *nom-de-plume* "Heather." Often we have heard of recent years that there are certain drawbacks to the custom of preparing animals for the show ring. The exhibitor, naturally, is more intent on producing points than actual quality. This criticism has been applied with good effect to various kinds of livestock; in cattle, it led to the formation of the Dairy Shorthorn Society; among dogs, it has given a stimulus to the holding of field trials; and now comes a critic who more than hints that usefulness is being sacrificed to appearance in the breeding and preparation of young polo ponies for the show ring.

It will easily be seen that the principle is of far wider application. Our correspondent's contention was that, although it is set out in the laws of Polo that a polo pony should not exceed a height of 14.2, breeders, nevertheless, push forward their young stock so that some of the yearlings and two year olds at their recent show were so forward as almost to preclude hope that they would not outgrow the limits set by the Polo Pony Society. Not only so, but in some cases the awards have been given to youngsters who had developed a horse type rather than the true pony type. In our pages this week a large variety of opinions will be found expressed in regard to this matter, and we need not go into them at the present moment, since we have authority for saying that the matter will, from an influential quarter, be brought under the notice of the National Pony Society. For such a discussion the correspondence we publish must be an excellent preparation.

Last week there passed away, at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight, in his home at Eastbarns, in East Lothian, one of the greatest agriculturists this country has produced. Mr. James Hope achieved greatest fame as a grower of potatoes. He began his farming career at Duddingston, near Edinburgh, and two years later he took a lease of the neighbouring farm of Brunstane. But it was not till 1887 that he took Eastbarns and Barney Hill, and eight years later Oxwell Mains, all situated in the grand potato-growing country near Dunbar. Here Nature had placed the soil and climate suitable for the production of the tubers, and Mr. James Hope brought with him the final elements of skill and judgment. In the early days at Eastbarns and the adjoining farms he rented a thousand acres at the rate of £5 an acre, so that he had to find a rent of £5,000 before he made any profit for himself. But he established relations with the London market and made a reputation which has only increased with time. Besides, his energies were not concentrated on one form of cultivation. Nor did agriculture absorb the whole of his energy; he was interested in the Yeomanry, and later in life, with his friend, Mr. John Martin, he kept a good racing stable. It would be difficult to imagine a finer type of the vigorous, all-round modern Scottish farmer. Fortunately, his work does not end with his life. It was taken over several years ago by Harry Hope, M.P. for Bute, who is most successfully maintaining in husbandry the traditions of his father.

The opening of the new buildings of the National Institute for the Blind and the presence of the King and Queen at the ceremony have called increased public attention and sympathy to the distressingly large number of those who are suffering under a more or less total deprivation of the gift of sight. Thirty-five thousand totally blind and a hundred and fifty thousand of such defective vision as to be unable to read are the approximate figures given for our islands alone. The cheerfulness and courage with which the infliction is often borne seem to give the case of the blind only the stronger claim on those who are blessed with all the five normal senses. A noble example of fortitude and high spirit has been set by the Vice-Chairman of the institute himself, Captain Towse, V.C., who lost the sight of both eyes owing to a wound received in the South African War. Yet he is an enthusiastic and successful salmon fisherman, a Scout Commissioner, and unceasingly occupied. The honorary treasurer, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, to whose energy and financial help the institute is deeply indebted, has lately become almost completely blind, yet his energies and his many activities remain unimpaired.

Among the victories of science there is none more striking than that over the dangers which used to beset the district round the Panama Canal. For four centuries that narrow neck of land which connects North and South America has had the evil reputation of being one of the most unhealthy regions in the world. Tropical diseases have claimed more men as victims there than in any other part of the Tropics. As Surgeon-General Gorgas said, "This was not so much from its naturally unhealthy conditions, as that unacclimatised whites had crowded there." Its story is similar to that of many tropical portions of the British Empire. Britain long ago knew and France later learned, and the United States has had its own experience of that terrible sacrifice of the flowers of the race, slain in the battle with tropical conditions. Surgeon-General Gorgas will go down to posterity as the man who showed how malaria and yellow fever can be coped with. The French began their work in 1880, and in ten years spent £50,000,000 and lost 20,000 lives. The Americans followed in 1904, and during the intervening twenty-four years it had been discovered that malaria and yellow fever were no longer incurable scourges.

THE TRIUMPH OF ORIANA.

Queen Elizabeth died, March 24th, 1603.

Long live fair Oriana! So

We celebrate her praise,
With these quaint compliments that go
Back to her spacious days.

What though the years have wrought their will,
What though the Queen be old,
Though night be fall'n on Latmos Hill,
And all the tale be told;

She still shall triumph, never fear,
As long as history's page
Brings back for us the atmosphere
Of her amazing age.

Her sailors, poets, men of State,
Her courtiers on their knees,
The storms that blew to dissipate
Her foeman's argosies,

She moves among them, grim and grave,
And, while her memory stands
For that proud enterprise that drave
Far over seas and lands

Her kingdom's glory, ever shall
The centuries acclaim,
As in our loyal madrigal,

Fair Oriana's name. ALFRED COCHRANE.

It was in Cuba that Surgeon-General Gorgas had gained the experience which enabled him to succeed at Panama. The enemy he had to fight there was yellow fever, which attacked the American settlers after the occupation of Havana in 1898. Theoretically, it was known that the carrier of the disease was the mosquito; but to the Americans must be given the credit of putting this knowledge to a practical use. They tested it at the risk of their own lives, soldiers allowing

themselves to be bitten by the infected insect and sleeping in the sheets that had been taken from patients who died of yellow fever. It was proved that the disease was not infectious, but was carried by the insect; and all that remained afterwards was to set up a vigorous campaign for the purpose of destroying pools and other places in which the mosquito found a refuge or a breeding place. At Panama yellow fever, malaria, typhoid, dysentery and pneumonia used to devastate the workers who came to the Canal. Sir Ronald Ross was one of the British men of science who helped to prove that malaria was carried by the anopheles mosquito. Using the almost unlimited resources placed within his grasp, Surgeon-General Gorgas organised operations extending over an area of five hundred square miles with a population of fifty thousand labourers and their families, and so, to his lasting honour and glory, be it said, Panama to-day is as healthy as Boston or New York.

Rain storms and floods are not the ideal conditions in March, according to the view of the agriculturist and the gardener, who are able to get no work done on the sodden land, but they are conditions which promise well for the angler, both of trout and salmon. Rivers are all the better for a good scour out at any time, but especially at this season it is well that they should have a large flow of water in them. By this time all the trout have long been down from the little brooks up which they made their way for spawning, and have returned to the main stream. It is all important for them that they should find good feeding now, to restore their vigour and shapeliness, and feeding will be brought to them abundantly by the water pouring off the land into the rivers. For salmon a big water is just what is wanted for the spring run of the fish. Of course, rivers vary in their dates, both as regard the run of their salmon and the condition of their trout, but, generally speaking, there is no month in which a good head of water is more useful than March.

Has there been an increase of fish in the North Sea? This is a question fishing-boat owners and fishermen are asking themselves just now. During the past twelve months the quantities of fish landed at East Coast ports have eclipsed all previous records. Not only has the herring fishery been an unprecedented one as regards the number of herrings caught and the amount of money realised, but the big fleets of deep sea trawlers have also broken all records. These phenomenal catches have not been due to any considerable increase of catching power. Although the fleets of steam-driven herring boats are of comparatively recent creation, the additional boats employed since the beginning of last year number, in all probability, fewer than fifty. The fishermen themselves cannot account for their good fortune, and the mystery is made no easier of solution by the confident assertion of some of the older men that immense quantities of the herrings caught during the latter part of the year were of a kind they had never captured before.

Naturalists have long recognised that there are several different "races" of herrings, but the problems presented by the migrations of the shoals are far from being solved. At Yarmouth and Lowestoft the large size and fine quality of the herrings brought in were frequently commented on. The custom is to sell them by the "cran" measure, and it was often the case that a full cran contained some hundreds fewer than the usual number of fish. On the trawl markets, too, where soles, plaice, cod, etc., are landed, the largeness of the catches and the superior quality of the fish have been equally noticeable, yet the number of trawlers employed has been about the same as in several previous years. No new fishing ground has been discovered, nor has there been any need to search for one. The largest catches have recently been made in familiar waters that not long ago were said to be almost depleted of large fish. At no time has the East Coast fishing industry been so flourishing as during the past twelve months. In consequence, there is an increasing demand for fishing dock accommodation at some of the largest ports.

After being locked away in a cellar for thirty years, the Ashburnham silver produced at Christie's one of the most momentous and exciting sales on record. We are only able to touch upon the events of the first day there, but they were indeed remarkable. The top price was a record for a piece of English workmanship. It was given for a toilet service in silver-gilt which Benjamin Pyne made in 1719 for the wife of a London sheriff. The battle for it resolved itself into a duel between Mr. Charles Davis, who is understood to have

been acting for a well known connoisseur, and Mr. Lionel Crichton. The bidding was very keen; but the latter secured it at the astonishing price of £6,100. Next in importance came the famous Henry VII. standing salt and cover. For this the bidding began at £3,000, and it was eventually knocked down to Mr. Crichton at £5,600. The third highest price was paid by Mr. Amor for a pair of Charles II. bottles and stoppers embossed and chased with fruit. The total amount realised for the day's sale was £19,304. It was a magnificent beginning and we cannot but nurse the hope that there is some truth in the persistent rumours that some of the purchases will eventually find a place in our national collections. They deserve to do so, if for nothing else, on account of their historical interest; since they point to a time when England was regarded as possessing more treasure of this kind than any other country in Europe.

Whatever indignity and humorous misadventure April 1st may have in store for us, we are at least able to congratulate ourselves that it is likely to be restricted to the domestic circle. The public manner of the observance of the ancient festival of All Fools has greatly improved since the days of which description is given in Hone's "Everyday Book": "Thirty years ago, when buckles were worn on shoes, a boy would meet a person in the street with: 'Sir, if you please, your shoe's unbuckled,' and the moment the accosted individual looked towards his feet the informant would cry: 'Ah, you April fool!' Twenty years ago, when buckles were wholly disused, the urchin-cry was: 'Sir, your shoe's untied.' Now, when neither buckles nor strings are worn, because in the year 1825 no decent man 'has a shoe to his foot,' the waggery of the day is: 'Sir, there's something out of your pocket.' 'What?' 'Your hand, sir—ah, you April fool!'" It is not very excellent fooling, and we may be thankful that it is of the past; but the account of the changes in "foot-wear" during these thirty years is interesting.

A ROMAN EPITAPH.

Here beneath the cypress' shade
Rest untroubled, little maid!
Gentle footsteps overhead
Shall not wake thee, lying dead.
Haply some day there may be
Dawn again for thee and me:
Haply not, I will not weep—
Death is only dreamless sleep!

ANGELA GORDON.

In the annual report of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, just issued by Dr. E. F. Russell, the most remarkable feature is the description of an extraordinary crop of barley. It was a very heavy one indeed and amounted to sixty bushels of grain and thirty hundredweight of straw. During the sixty successive years in which barley has been grown on the Hoos Field this return has only been exceeded on three former occasions, the last being in 1861. It is of great agricultural importance to understand the causes which account for it. In the report it is stated that the year was an exceptionally dry one, there being only 24.72 in. of rain, or 3.62 in. less than the normal. The sowing season was not favourable and the root crop suffered greatly; but the barley seems to have come on apace. It appears that the field had been allowed to get choked with weeds and was fallowed before the sowing of the barley. This in itself may to some extent account for the heaviness of the crop. The maximum ever yielded on the same field is sixty-four bushels, so that in this respect the limit of production would appear to have been reached. What the practical farmer would like to know is the point at which profitable production ceases.

Last week's elections of new Associates of the Royal Academy are unusually interesting. Mr. E. S. Prior is one of our most distinguished writers on Gothic art, and his recent appointment as Slade Professor at Cambridge promises much for architectural education at that University. His own work is brilliant and original, as readers who remember our illustrations of Home Place, Holt, will very readily agree. Mr. Anning Bell's election is a sign of the times, for he represents the arts and crafts movement in an especial manner. As pattern draughtsman, book illustrator and designer of stained glass he enters the official ranks on the same footing as the painter of easel pictures. It is a somewhat tardy recognition of the decorative arts, but all the more welcome for that reason.

THE "BORE" ON THE TRENT.



G. Brocklehurst.

THE "AEGIR" ON A FINE STILL SPRING MORNING.

Copyright.

Note the smoothness of the waves.

AWAY up in Lincolnshire on the long reaches of the Trent occurs a wonderful tidal phenomenon which is known as the "Aegir"—a word signifying "to flow." It is seen at its best just below Gainsborough, and is a never failing source of attraction to sightseers in the neighbourhood. The name "Aegir"

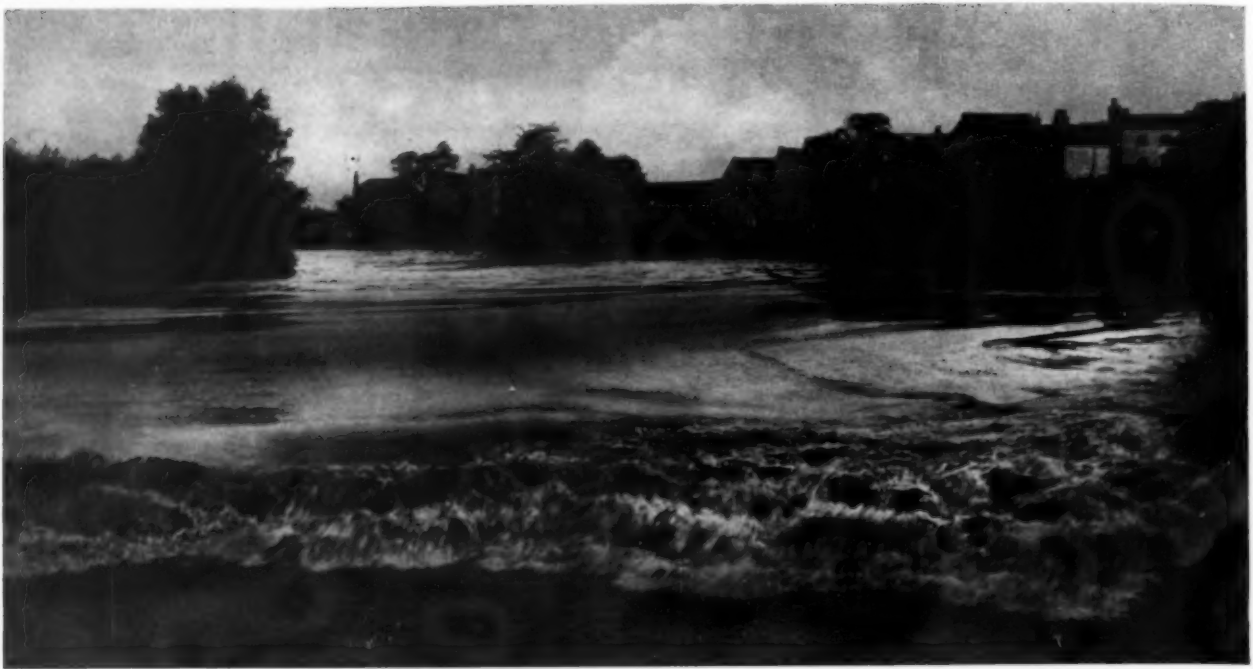
is supposed to have originated with the Vikings, who came in strong numbers up the Trent many years ago. One of the reasons of its fascinating influence is that the formation of the waves is never twice the same, and varies in shape and size at different points along the river. Its form of approach is quite different from the waves of the sea. On a calm



G. Brocklehurst.

THE "AEGIR" APPROACHING GAINSBOROUGH.

Copyright.



G. Brocklehurst.

IN THE FORM OF ONE BIG WAVE AT MORTON.

Copyright.

evening it can be seen rolling majestically along with eight or nine smooth, unbroken waves following close together. These waves, by the way, are called the "Whelps." The next morning it may be quite different. A stiff breeze is blowing down stream which has the effect of holding up the "Whelps" and causing them to break and roll over with a dull roar which is often heard two miles distant.

It is a fine sight to see these foam-capped waves rush by, dashing against wharves and jetties along the old townside of Gainsborough. The barges on the river are quite helpless as it swings them round with a rattle and dashes over those that are moored at the side. Some idea of the force of the Aegir may be gathered from the following: A few years ago a large three-masted schooner arrived at Gainsborough with a cargo of seed from Morocco. She was moored to great iron rings let into the wharf, in addition to the anchor.

It so happened that there were some big tides that week just before she sailed. One morning the Aegir was extra large, and, to the crew's amazement, it lifted the schooner bodily, and also the massive stones of the wharf which the rings were let into. A tug took her off to sea the next day at high water, much to the captain's relief. When the Aegir is seen approaching, the boatmen warn each other with a loud cry of "Ware Aegir" (Beware of the Aegir). Many lives have been lost from time to time by inexperienced men going to meet it in small boats. At some points of the river the Whelps assume a V-shape, and it is only a good "beamy" boat that will live through it. The writer, who has had the "pleasure" of meeting it a good many times, has had several narrow escapes. On one occasion he was lowered into a boat which was stranded on the mud and left to push it off. Instead of sliding into the water, however, the boat stuck

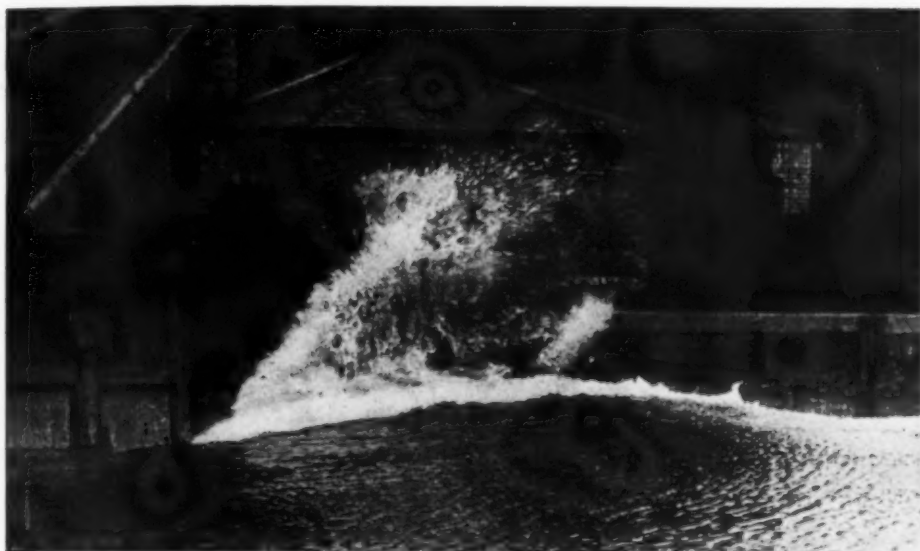


G. Brocklehurst.

AT MORTON BEND—THE "AEGIR" IS NEVER TWICE THE SAME.

Copyright.

fast. To increase the predicament, the cry of "Ware Aegir" was heard, and, sure enough, there it was, roaring swiftly along. He knew that something had to be done very quickly. A loud yell brought the boatbuilder with a long "stower,"



G. Brocklehurst.

THE FIRST WAVE DASHING AGAINST A GAINSBOROUGH WHARF.

and together they gave one tremendous push which slid the boat into deep water, with the Aegir only about twelve yards away.

The Aegir is a very difficult subject to photograph, travelling as it does at about twelve miles per hour. A moment's hesitation and it is past. On the other hand, if taken too soon it looks very small and insignificant. On one occasion the first wave splashed in the air and broke clean over the camera. One of the surprising facts about the Aegir is that it is a great aid to agriculture. All along the Trent valley there are wide stretches of cultivated land which may be flooded at will from sluice drains connected with the river. These are called "warping drains." The first rush of the Aegir stirs up the warp or mud which becomes suspended in the river water. In this state the water is let on to the land, and in due course leaves a fertile deposit of rich "warp." The land thus treated is very suitable for celery, beetroot and all root crops. An interesting experiment was made a short time ago. Just after the Aegir had swept past, a bucketful of water was taken from the Trent and allowed to settle. When the water was poured off the bucket contained one-quarter its depth of "warp." G. B.

THE NEW TENNIS CHAMPION.

THE victory of Mr. Jay Gould, the American amateur, in his match with Covey, the English professional, is as remarkable an event in the history of ball games as was the triumph of Mr. Ouimet in the American Golf Championship last autumn. In one sense it was, perhaps, less surprising, because while Mr. Ouimet's name was not familiar to us as the best golfer in America, all who interest themselves in real tennis have known for some years that Mr. Gould was a great player. At the same time, in our country the superiority of professional as compared with amateur tennis is very marked indeed. We have probably ten or a dozen

professionals who could defeat, or even give slight odds to, our leading amateurs. Further, we had supposed that two or three of our best professionals represented an exceptionally high degree of skill; it seemed to us that Covey or Johnson were as good, if not better than champions of the past, like Saunders or Latham or Fairs. It is not too much to say that when we saw Covey at his best, the strength and accuracy of his attack, his activity, and his power of return, combined to make us fancy that tennis could not be better played. It appears that we must now readjust our ideas; for here is an American amateur who not only beats Covey, but positively smothers him—who wins seven sets out of eight. When Mr. Gould's challenge was issued some months ago, if you had suggested any such possibility, the students of tennis to a man would have considered you beside yourself.

But there is the result, and the result is so decisive that there can be only one explanation, and that is, that the winner is a better player than the loser. We have all heard the

remark of the racket player who said that he was quite as good as his opponent, the only difference between them being that his opponent always succeeded in getting up one more ball in every round than he did. We are forced to surmise that something of this kind occurred in the match between Mr. Gould and Covey. Only the most meagre details of this amazing contest have reached us hitherto, but mention is made of Mr. Gould's American service giving him a marked advantage. It was this service which Pettitt first exhibited in championship tennis, in his match with Peter Latham sixteen or seventeen years ago. Latham, it may be remembered, made light of it, and boasted it effectively, either finding the fore corner of the dedans, or laying down quite short chases off it. But then the way Latham could find the length of the court with his boasted strokes was always a remarkable feature of his play. The American service is as



G. Brocklehurst.

A BIG SPRING TIDE.

Copyright.

exhausting to take as it is wearisome to watch, and Covey is stated in one report to have shown signs of being tired. This is again rather curious, for Covey is as agile as a cat in the court, and in all his English matches has always shown himself

possessed of great endurance. One of the qualities which has made him so difficult to beat is his power of fighting to the last stroke. In his match with Mr. Gould he seems to have begun badly, for he actually lost the first eleven games straight off the reel and to have finished only rather less badly. But however dumfounded we may be, our congratulations must be hearty to the brilliant amateur.

The latest intelligence, which we found in a provincial newspaper under the heading of "Lawn Tennis," is that Mr. Gould will visit England next year to play Covey a return match. All lovers of tennis will be eager to see what manner of player is this who can pulverise our best professional talent. We shall be saying, "Ex America aliquid semper novi." This summer, Mr. Ouimet; next spring, Mr. Jay Gould. A return match with Covey will be an event of the greatest interest, but we feel bound to remind ourselves that the question of the English championship is at the moment one of some controversy. We have no *parti pris* whatever in the matter, but it is no secret that many judges of the game uphold the claims of Johnson as the best tennis player in this country, and regret that the negotiations for a championship match last year had not a more satisfactory issue. For ourselves, without offering an opinion as to the respective merits of Johnson and Covey, we should like to see the question put to a practical test. It is clear that if we are to have any earthly chance of regaining the championship, we must put up our very best man, and we hope that during the coming year some competition will be instituted so that we may satisfy ourselves who that man is.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE JUBILEE DINNER.

JUST thirty-three years ago, on the eve of the 1881 Boat Race, there was a memorable gathering at Freemasons' Hall to celebrate, in the inevitable British fashion, the Jubilee of the battle of the Blues. Only old "Blues" were invited, and many famous oarsmen of the past supported the chairman, Mr. Joseph Chitty, Q.C., M.P. (afterwards Lord Justice Chitty), who had himself stroked the Oxford boat to victory in 1852. Three survivors of the first race, in 1829, were there, in the persons of the Rev. Thomas Staniforth and the Rev. J. J. Toogood, stroke and 5 in the Oxford boat, and Dean Merivale, who rowed at 4 for Cambridge. Another Oxford "twenty-niner," Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, though unable to attend, had sent his boating guernsey to represent him. The story of this famous dinner has been told in Latin hexameters by Canon Kynaston of Durham, who was in the Cambridge boat in 1856 and 1858, and his verses were rendered in English rhyme by the Right Hon. George Denman, a Judge of the High Court, who had rowed for Cambridge in the races of 1841 and 1842. Though a generation has passed, and both bards and most of the heroes whose deeds they sang have "gone to the stream Elysian," rowing men of to-day may like to be reminded of the past by some extracts from the twenty-eight stanzas of Denman's translation of the commemorative verses:

Sing we now the glorious dinner
Served in fam'd Freemasons' Hall.
Welcome loser, welcome winner,
Welcome all who've row'd at all.
Oarsmen, steersmen, saint or sinner,
Whet your jaws and to it fall.

Fifty years and more have roll'd off
Since the race of 'twenty-nine.
Therefore all by death not bowl'd off
As of yore your strength combine,
And in gangs of nine be told off,
Not to paddle, but to dine.

Oh! what hands by hands are shaken!
Bishop, Dean, Judge, Lawyer, Priest,
Bearded Soldier, beardless Deacon,
Men who scribble, men who've ceased,
Court, Church, Camp, Quill, Care forsaken,
Muster strong and join the feast.

Fifty o'er the feast presiding
All-accomplish'd Chitty sits,
Through the Toasts how neatly gliding,
Winning cheers, redoubling hits—
Not of bat with ball colliding—
But through sympathy of wits.

Next comes talk of losing, winning,
Fouling, "crabs" untimely caught,
Sinking, "catching the beginning,"
And of all Tom Egan taught,
Morrison and Shadwell spinning
Yarns of deep aquatic thought.

Egan coxed the Cambridge boat in 1836, 1839 and 1840; Shadwell was in the boat in the two latter years; and Morrison rowed for Oxford in 1859 and 1861. The verses go on to describe the toasts *seriatim*. The loyal toasts having been duly honoured and the health of the above-named "twenty-niners" enthusiastically received and responded to, the poets proceed:

There stands Brett, once 7 to Stanley,
Every inch a Judge, the Man,
Upright, downright, comely, manly,
(Beat him, Oxford, if you can)
All that's brave and gentlemanly
Since to row he first began.

Mr. Justice Brett, afterwards Lord Esher and Master of the Rolls, was No. 7 in the Cambridge boat of 1839, which was stroked by Stanley of Jesus.

Turn your eyes to that third table,
Where, still sound in wind and limb,
Smiles that Smith, who quite unable
(More shame for him!) yet to swim,
Sank—yet lives! Oh! Cain and Abel!
Higher fate's in store for him.

Sir A. L. Smith, afterwards Master of the Rolls, rowed for Cambridge in 1857, 1858 and 1859. In the last year the Cambridge boat sank. It was said that Smith, the only man in the crew who could not swim, went on rowing till he was pulled from the boat by the rescuers. The toast of the Royal Forces was responded to by three Etonians who had all rowed for Oxford—Colonel Buller, Dr. Hornby (Provost of Eton and a brother of Admiral Hornby) and Dr. Warre, the present Provost of Eton. The bards conclude as follows:

Blest, thrice blest, is such revival,
Blest the man who can enjoy
Scenes like these—no mere survival
No! The man recalls the boy—
Hon'ring most his staunchest rival,
Hon'ring now without alloy.

So in generous emulation
Cam and Isis both are one;
So each passing generation
Earns the meed of duty done;
So the glory of our Nation
Shines wherever shines the Sun.

SIDNEY W. CLARKE.

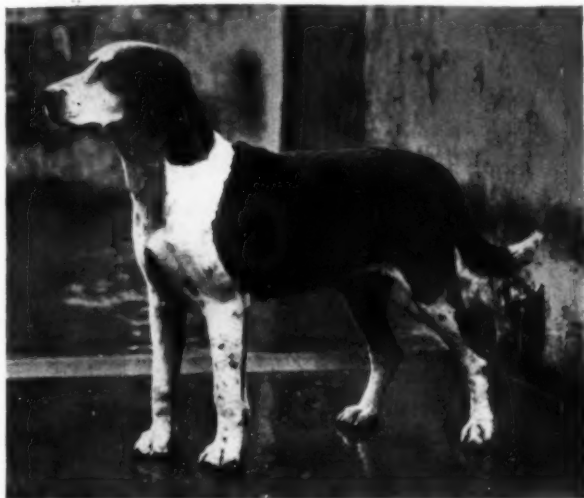
THE UNITED HUNT CLUB.

THE HOUNDS AND THE COUNTRY.

THE U.H.C. is a rough country, though not so much so as the Muskerry, which also lies in the county of Cork; nor is it quite such a good scenting country as its Northern neighbour, the Waterford. To English readers it is not as well known as either of these, for the Muskerry was for a long time hunted by the cavalry regiment stationed at Ballincollig, and the regiment not seldom entertained their friends for a day or two of hunting. The United is, indeed, not so rough as Muskerry nor so apt to knock horses about; but, on the other hand, it has more plough, which is often very sticky in wet weather. The country was hunted by various packs until 1871, when Lord Shannon bought the Union and Lord Fermoy's packs, and the club was formed. The pack was then known as Lord Shannon's. There were also some harrier packs in the country which did not object to hunt a fox when they could find one. These were rather a thorn in the Master's side. Lord Shannon, however, set to work to hunt the country, and got together a very smart pack of hounds. There was some trouble with the rabbit trapping which once threatened the existence of the Galway Blazers, and to this day troubles some Irish and English packs. But the sport was first rate in spite of difficulties. In Lord Shannon's last season the pack drew Kilclare Wood. (The United is better off for woodlands than some other Irish packs. I have heard it said that the reason Ireland has so few woodland coverts is that a former generation cut them down when money ran short.) This covert held a stout fox, and over the grass and the razor-topped banks the field enjoyed a glorious gallop. At last the hounds hunted through some

farm buildings, and they threw up in the road and could make nothing of it. The huntsman cast all round, but there was not a whimper. At last the pack were being drawn off, when suddenly a shriek was heard. "Tally-ho!"

After Lord Shannon went to the V.W.H. the hunt passed under the control of a committee and the country was hunted by several Masters in succession. It is a subscription pack, the pack and the kennels being the property



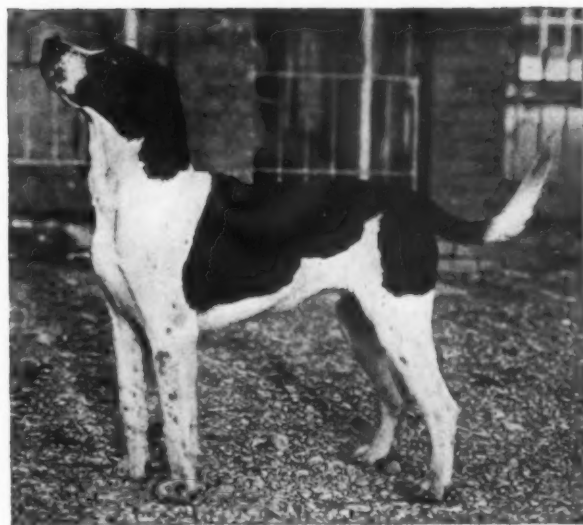
BELVOIR DANDY.



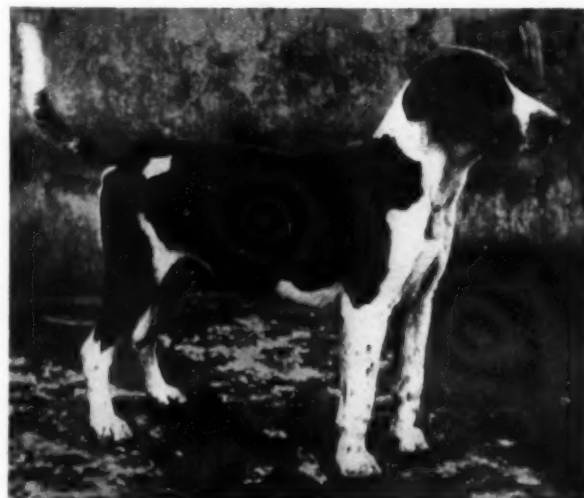
AMBLER.



CONSUL (BRED BY LORD ZETLAND).



SPARKSMAN.



W. A. Rouch.

TARQUIN.



STRIPLING.

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screamed the woman of the house. "Sure, he's afther leppin' out of the pigsty, the thief of the world." The hounds, now close to their fox, screamed at his brush. Fox and hounds went into the River Bride together, the fox being caught and killed in the water.

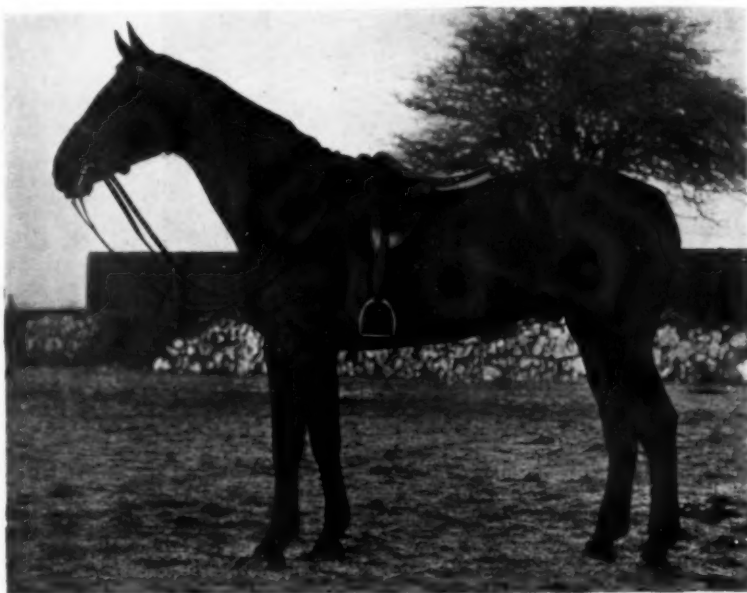
of the country. The United has had its share of political troubles in the past, but they have passed away, for the people of Cork, high and low, are lovers of sport. Nor are they blind to the benefits of fox hunting to a district. The United is a country that makes great demands on a pack

hunting four days a week in country where distances to the fixtures and returning to kennels are often long, where the ploughs are heavy and the steep, often stone-faced, banks are serious obstacles to hounds as well as horses. The fox-hound for the United needs stamina, courage and the best condition that good kennel management can give them. The photographs which we give here show the type of hound the Master finds to suit the country best. On the whole the hounds shown here remind me in many respects of the type which Mr. Milne likes for the Cattistock hill country. They are strong, with bone well carried down, and of that square sort which is best calculated to kill an afternoon fox in a rough country, yet there is no lack of quality.

But after Lord Shannon there was another Master who showed excellent sport in the U.H.C. country. This was Mr. Murphy, whose name is written large in the history of the Hunt. Mr. Murphy's best season was in 1886, when, on March 27th, hounds met at Ballyvoilane. The pack had the advantage of a flying start. The fox (and a gallant one he was) jumped up out of a small patch of outlying gorse. This fox was hard driven until, by a sudden turn, he gained a few yards and then took a straight course for the bog at Clashavoorig. Only Wallis, the huntsman, whom nothing could stop when hounds were running, attempted to cross this. Irish sportsmen are, I think, more resolute than we are when it is a case of a stern chase, and a good many men and women tackled the stiff, steep banks in order to rejoin Wallis, who at this time had the pack to himself. The line was marvellously straight, but perhaps there are fewer interruptions to the course of a fox in Ireland than there are in England. There were but two checks between the finding of the fox and the moment when he was marked to ground in Glenbowder Wood. The hunt lasted an hour and the distance was said to be fourteen miles; but even if that is a liberal estimate, it was a very fine hunt and remarkable for the straight course taken by the fox for the first eight miles. I have dwelt on this run as showing what hounds need in the way of courage, resolution and pace to show sport in this country. One of the especial points of interest about this pack is that they are bred for very hard work and a difficult country, from the most fashionable lines of blood, and as regards their descent would compare with any one of the noted packs whose portraits have appeared and whose pedigrees have been analysed in COUNTRY LIFE. Indeed, so much do those pedigrees resemble those of other noteworthy hounds given in these columns that it is not necessary to repeat them here in detail; therefore, I merely take what may be called the leading points of the breeding of the U.H.C. to show where the drive and hardihood have been found, without which no hound could do its part in killing the foxes of the U.H.C. country, racing, as they must be able to do, over the grass, hunting when the plough comes in their line, and facing the steep banks or crossing the bogs as we have seen their forbears could do; for Mr. Murphy's pack were (I believe) based on the pack of bitches which the U.H.C. purchased in 1875 from Lord Shannon. At the foundation of these hounds lies Brocklesby Rallywood, and this, combined with some of the most famous descendants of Brocklesby Rallywood's even more famous son, the Belvoir hound of the same name. Thus we find Belvoir Ragman, Stormer and Lord Middleton's Striver in the pedigrees of the picked hounds of this Irish pack. Going a little more deeply into matters, we shall note that in some instances the Rallywood (Brocklesby) blood has come to the Middleton kennels by way of a certain noteworthy family of working hounds that were bred at Milton in Carter's time. These were descended from Brocklesby Bellman, who traced back to Rallywood, and were all hounds of character for their work in the field. Several of them were, Carter used to say, almost faultless. One of the best was Bacchus, who had more sense, the old

huntsman said, than any hound in the pack. He was the first to begin work, and when the day's labours were over, Carter scarcely dared to halt at any hospitable house, for Bacchus was sure to find his way to the larder or dairy, and seldom returned empty-jawed. A turkey, a shoulder of mutton and a dish of cream are instances of his intelligence in foraging, and without intelligence the best nose in the world is no good to a hound; indeed, in a certain sense, intelligence is nose.

There remain two things to be said about this Hunt. Where to stay? Well, of course, there is Cork; or for those who do not like large towns, Fermoy or Middleton, where the kennels are. Then as to the horse to ride. The qualities



HANLON, OWNED BY MAJOR POWELL, MASTER OF THE U.H.C.



W. A. Rouch.

KRUGER, RIDDEN BY THE MASTER.
First prize and reserve for Champion, Dublin, 1911.

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required of a hunter in Ireland are much the same everywhere; but in the U.H.C. cleverness and staying power are the two indispensable qualities. After we have been hunting for many seasons, we come to realise that the perfect hunter is not to be found. They say, indeed, that each man has one perfect horse in his life, but all the rest of the horses (who make up a great part of our hunting careers) are compromises. We want one or more points or qualities, and we have to give up something else. Thus, for County Cork I should look closely at a horse's pedigree for stoutness, try him over a cramped country for cleverness, and then proceed to get him as fit as the combined skill of myself and groom could manage. In hunting for horse and hound, condition is the first and last thing the wise man looks to and endeavours to secure. X.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SOUL OF THE RING OF SULEIMAN BEN DAUOD.—I

BY
MARGARET YEO.



THERE was in the harem of Suleiman ben Dauod a certain slave girl, and oft-times she would stretch out her arms in the night and cry: "Happy should I be were I but the ring on his finger, even the fringe of the hem of his garments, or the dust upon his feet, so I might be near him!"

But Suleiman knew her not, nor had he beheld her till one night he supped with the Queen, and Zuleika, the slave-girl, waited upon them. And it chanced that when she handed him the cup of onyx that was filled with wine from the terraces of Ispahan, even then Suleiman lifted his eyes and gazed upon her. Then she trembled so exceedingly that the wine was spilt upon the floor of green marble inlaid with ivory, and it stained her white feet like blood.

And Suleiman said to the Queen: "Oh, daughter of Kings! Thy slaves are not wont to serve thee so ill!"

And the Queen answered him with soft words: "Nay, my lord! chide her not, for she is young. And since no man, neither spirit, may endure the glance of my lord's eye and not quail, how then shall a tender maid?"

And Suleiman laughed at her woman's flattery, laying his hand upon her neck where her hair was curled under her veil of fine gold. But Zuleika was shaken with sobs as the lilies are shaken by the north wind from the hills, and her tears fell fast as the rain of winter.

Then Suleiman's laughter fled from him, and he spoke, saying: "Verily! such is man, for his life is as wine that is spilt, and his days like falling tears. There is neither joy nor sweetness, for all is vanity!"

In vain did the Queen strive to cheer him; in vain did the musicians make sweet music on pipe and drum and harp; in vain did the dancing girls dance the dance of desire, trailing their green robes like peacocks at the time of mating. The King smiled not again. And Zuleika fled weeping to her own place.

The morrow the sun burned all day like a potter's furnace, but towards evening Suleiman walked in the women's garden, for there the water from the fountains was cool. And between the cypresses, where the shadow was deep and the way narrow, Suleiman the King met Zuleika the slave-girl. And, because his glance was bright as steel of Damascus, his eyes pierced Zuleika, so that she trembled again. Then the two-edged sword of love and desire smote Suleiman ben Dauod, and his soul was cloven, so that he spoke low as the murmuring of the birds before the dawn: "To-morrow at eventide will I come to thee, oh! my soul's desire!"

On the morrow, before the sun drew near the mountains of the West, Zuleika arrayed herself for his coming. She stained her hair with antimony and put kohl about her eyes, and painted her face and lips with the unguents of Tyre, and put henna on her fingers. Her hair was braided with emeralds and fine gold; her garments were of green silk wrought in precious stones with strange embroideries of peacocks and palm trees; about her white feet were golden anklets, and on her small white breasts two circles of gold set with jade and amber. And she sang to herself a song:

Does he love me, the least of all his slaves?
For I am less than the dust of the desert upon his feet,
And he is the Master of Wisdom, Ruler of men,
Lord of the Spirits of Heaven and Earth,
King of the dwellers in the air and the living souls of the sea,
Keeper of the Key of the Hidden Gates of Light—
Mightier than all save the All-Powerful!

In which she spake foolishly, not knowing that there was one mightier than Suleiman ben Dauod, even Ayræel, Lord of Death.

The sun set, but he came not. Darkness fell, but he came not. The moon rose, but he came not. Then Zuleika bowed herself to the earth and beat her breast, crying: "He cometh not! Lo! he did but mock me in the garden, and now maketh merry over me! Fool! Fool! To dream that the Lord of Spirits would stoop so low! Shall the sun love a grain of the

desert sand, or the sea desire a falling dewdrop? Justly indeed am I punished for my folly!"

She laid aside her garments that were brodered with peacocks and she loosened the anklets from her feet and the golden circlets from her breasts, and the fine gold and emeralds from her hair, so that the darkness of her hair about her was as dark clouds that veil the whiteness of the new moon. And she knew not that one stood upon the threshold till he spoke, and she trembled, bowing herself before him.

And he said: "Thou art more beautiful than pearls, and thy whiteness shineth as the brightness of the new moon after the fast of Ramayan. More than all jewels do I desire thee, oh moon of my love that shall not wane!"

Then she lay before him, kissing his feet; but he stooped and lifted her, and her lips were redder than pomegranates, sweeter than honey.

One night when the new moon hung low among the trees, and there was but one star in the heavens, when the nightingale sang of love among the roses, then Zuleika spake softly: "Oh my lord! Is it true that life is as wine that is spilt, and the days of it like falling tears? Dost thou still say that there is neither joy nor sweetness, because all is vanity?"

And Suleiman answered her, smiling: "Nay, life is a golden cup of red wine; the days of it are fair as the pearls in thy hair; the joy of it is like the nightingale's song, and the sweetness of it as attar of roses."

Yet, after the manner of women, she would fain hear that she knew already, and he told again what she had heard a score of times; so he answered her: "Thou knowest it is because I love thee, soul of my life."

And he made a song for her:

Thy hair is as a dark night without stars;
Thine eyes are deep pools fringed with rushes;
Thy mouth is a ripe pomegranate;
Thy lips are sweeter than wild bees' honey;
Thy breasts are whiter than ivory;
Thou art softer than a peach of Damascus;
Oh, my love!

But she said: "Oh, my lord, I am not yet content, for verily! if thou lovest me only because I am sweet to thy taste and soft to thy touch, and fair to thy sight, then am I no more to thee than the others of thy harem."

And he answered her: "I have looked on many women to desire them, yea! and I have possessed them. Fair were they as the first flowers of spring, and many as the jewels in my treasury; but only one have I loved with my heart and soul—and thou art she!"

And she said: "Oh, my lord! this is the first new moon we have seen together. When the last moon was full I desired only to be the fringe of thy garment, the dust upon thy feet; and now by thy favour hast thou set me above all women."

And he spake, saying: "Together shall we watch many moons wax and wane, oh my life! Together shall we see the first roses bloom when the snow melts from the hills, and in thine eyes shall I know the beauty of spring!"

But in thus speaking he forgot the oath which he had made, for, because his harem was as the sand of the sea and because daily he added unto it white slaves from Georgia and Circassia, African women like statues of bronze, and Eastern girls slim and golden as reeds in the winter—because of this Allah had reproved him, saying: "Not that thou shouldst go after women to desire them, oh Suleiman ben Dauod! have I given thee wisdom and understanding so that before thee was none like unto thee, nor ever shall be."

Whereat Suleiman ben Dauod had sworn a great oath, by the beard of Allah, and by that Name which may not be uttered, that, should he again look upon a woman to desire her, then should the judgment of Allah fall upon him. He had forgotten his oath, for this love of woman which was upon him is even as the madness that overtaketh a man when he walketh in the noonday sun, so that his wits are gone from him and his bones turned to water. Yet his oath was written in the Book of Fate,

wherein nothing can be wiped out, nor any word changed; and Allah—to whom be glory—had not forgotten.

Then Zuleika answered Suleiman, and her voice was as the crying of a bird whose young ones have perished. "Oh, my lord! Though we watch a thousand moons wax and wane, how little is our span! No longer is it than the life of a rose, that blooms and falls between dawn and dusk. How, then, can so short an hour hold so great a thing as love?"

And he answered her: "For thee, moon of my heart! thy course is scarce begun; but lo! my sun draweth nigh to setting. Soul of my soul! Let us then love while we may, for soon shall darkness fall."

And she said: "Doth not the sun rise again, oh, my lord? Yea, and the moon also! Beyond the mountains of the tomb we shall be at one, where there is neither time nor season, where spring doth not pass, nor the roses fade, and the nightingales cease not their song."

But he answered slowly, pondering: "Nay, I know not! I know not!"

So she cried: "Dost thou not believe in the Paradise of the Holy One?"

And he spake low, as one that seeketh the truth, but findeth it not: "Yea, I believe in the Paradise of the Faithful, but nowhere is it written that a woman may enter therein, for to women hath Allah given no soul."

Then she answered, fiercely: "Dost thou love me? And hath Allah given thee the gift of wisdom? Yet sayest thou I am even as the stones and trees? Nay, less than the stones, for the bloodstone in thy ring of iron hath a soul which giveth thee power over all jinns and spirits of fire."

And he said: "My life, it is a hard question thou puttest, for Allah hath written that no woman shall enter the Paradise of the Houris—and can Allah lie?"

Then she wept bitterly, till he comforted her with tender words, saying: "Oh, my soul! It is but a fool who trembles at the shadow of night when the noonday sun shines, and who shivers at the chill of winter when the roses bloom!"

But Zuleika trembled within the arms of Zuleiman ben Dauod, and they knew not that the shadow was the shadow of Ayrael, and the chill the breath of the wings of Ayrael—even Ayrael, Lord of Death.

THE GUANO BIRDS OF PERU.—III.



PELICAN EMERGING FROM THE SEA.

AFTER Bougainville's cormorant (some account of which has been given in a former issue), the next bird of economic value to Peru, and one of the most conspicuous of its marine avifauna, is Molina's pelican (*P. thagus*), a species entirely confined to the shores and islands of Peru and Northern Chile. There are only nine known species of pelicans, and any one of them, when first observed, either on the land, the water or the air, would arrest attention by their conspicuous size, apart from the most remarkable character they possess of a long neck and still more elongated beak, supporting from its mandible a capacious pouch of soft and very elastic skin, which can be distended to surprising dimensions to form, when fully displayed, a cavernous and, but for their soft eyes, terrifying mouth. Seen at close quarters in its full nuptial plumage, the Peruvian pelican is a splendidly handsome bird. Vivid

splashes of bright yellow, greenish orange and rich scarlet lake illuminate the long bars of which both mandibles are composed. The entire head is plumaged with short feathers of purest white, lengthening into a citron crest on occiput and nape, then continuing down as a snowy verge on both sides of the soot-coloured pouch, while the intervening area on the hind neck is deep glossy black. The pouch, when closely examined, is found to be surprisingly ornamented; it is difficult to say why; for, unless distended, the tender lavender and pale orange bars and streaks elaborately pencilled upon it are not discernible. Nor is it easier to account for the bright linings upon the extensive surface of the interior of the bird's mouth, which I find recorded in my notes as being "deep sea green, with orange lines on the ridges of the palate, merging into rich lavender towards the opening of the throat." The brown wings, back and rump



Henry O. Forbes.

PELICANS AND OTHER BIRDS FEEDING NEAR THE SEA.

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are broadly streaked with immaculate white, while its rolling chest and stomach—so conspicuous when the bird holds itself erect—display an expanse of striped magnificence such as few other birds can approach. Molina's pelican exhibits no conspicuously warm colours except upon its beak; it owes its attractiveness to striking contrasts in pure tones of black and white laid on with a liberal hand on the spacious corporeal areas with which Nature has endowed this species.

Mr. Chapman, in his "Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist," in writing on the Brown pelican (*P. fuscus*), a very near relative of *P. thagus*, which he studied in Florida, states that it truly migrates from and returns to its breeding grounds in "large flocks." In my former article, an account was given of how the whole of the marine birds (including the pelicans) of the Guano Islands almost simultaneously migrated in the height of the incubating season of 1911 to some unknown region, and for a reason so far unexplained. This was, as there stated, a remarkable and unprecedented episode in bird life. My observations on Molina's pelican lead me to believe that it does not, like its Florida cousin, normally migrate, and certainly not "all at once." The necessity for migration may exist in those perhaps less favoured areas where the Brown pelican nests, and be absent from the latitudes of perennial summer and superabundant food to which

Molina's bird is acclimatised. The "winter-quarters" of this species are practically conterminous with its breeding area. The larger part of the pelican community apparently continues to "home" on the islands where they incubate; indeed, we have no record of their occurrence outside Peru and Chile at any period of the year. Neither does the bird proceed far inland, for there are few rivers large enough or sufficiently stocked with fish to attract it in quest of sweet waters away from where these debouch into the sea.

When the duties of the nesting season are over—and they terminate in different families at varying dates—large numbers of the young and adults dribble away from the islands for the mainland, which is everywhere within sight. At all seasons of the year they may be seen by travellers along the coast, sunning themselves, sometimes in solitude, but usually in larger or smaller groups, in company with cormorants, gannets and gulls, on the sandy beaches and on the innumerable cliffs and sea-girt rocks that bespeckle the margin of the Pacific. It is an experience, therefore, to be had at all times along the shores of the mainland and of its islands—and one very pleasing (especially when first made) to an ornithologist on whose land this bird of ancient lineage and bizarre appearance has for centuries had no family representative—of watching the



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PELICANS CROWDING ON THE ROCKS AFTER QUITTING THE NEST.

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PELICANS INCUBATING, SHOWING NESTS VACATED IN ALARM.

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numerous assemblies of them in their *dolce far niente* hours, between meals, sometimes near the strand, solemnly riding in the calm marge just beyond the surf-line; sometimes at a considerable distance at sea, reposing with the buoyancy of some ethereal thing on the ceaseless lift and fall of the Pacific swell, where they sit at lordly ease with their necks and long, furrowed beaks comfortably reposing between their shoulders—as if each bird's body were a raft cargoed with painted spars—while the water ripples glitteringly from "the bounteous wave" of their breasts. At other times he sees them move across his horizon in those long, regularly spaced files, generally *en échelon*, assumed by a party of pelicans when leisurely changing one basking-spot for another, alternating the slow measured beat of their wings with long stretches of sailing on motionless, rigid pinions, travelling often so close above the sea—especially when against the wind—as to necessitate their rising and dipping to each undulation, without, however, the smallest apparent muscular movement, each individual playing its wings simultaneously (as a rule, though not invariably) in response to the strokesman, and changing to a glide the moment his signal for the new manœuvre is given.

One may sometimes be watching such a colony as that pictured riding apparently somnolent on the water, when suddenly, in answer to a signal uncomprehended by or not intelligible to the watcher, or to some air or water vibration, their insouciance vanishes and they are away on rapid wings. If the eye follow their direction a patch of the sea surface is presently seen to be in violent agitation, which, if Fortune be kind, may be not too distant for the coming play to be enacted over it to be witnessed. This agitation is due to a rush of sardinas, peche reyes and other small fishes, which peregrinate the ocean in shoals of incredible magnitude, and, in their wild flight from their voracious fish-foes of greater size, so impel one another that they are driven to the top of the water, in solid

masses, whence on the chance of saving themselves they bound into the air by thousands, so that the surface of the sea becomes ruffled as by a violent squall. Towards this rout hurry clouds not only of pelicans, but of cormorants, gannets, gulls and terns. The cormorants settle down at once in the midst of this moving throng, dive under the surface after the fish to reappear every few moments from below with the sprightliness of bobbing corks. All these other species I have named shoot down, meteor-like, out of the sky upon their prey. The air becomes alive as when bees are casting or as dense as in a heavy snow-fall. This frenzied carnage may continue for an hour and terminate miles away from the spot where the attack first began. Through this hail of wings the pelicans bulk immense, like dark untidy sacks hurtling through space. They possess in this performance little of the marvellous grace and agility of the gannets (about these more in a future article) or the terns. They descend heavily with rapid strokes of their wings with only partially extended neck, and flop clumsily, as if they had fallen by mischance into the sea, with a splash audible a long way off and in the midst of a great *bosquet* of spray. In its manner of diving Molina's pelican differs from that of the gannet. These latter dive with marvellous speed and accuracy sheer under the surface right upon the top of their prey, and are out of the sea and in the air again in a few seconds. The pelican never, so far as the careful observations I have made have revealed, succeeds in getting deeper than its shoulders, and in the operation it often seems within an ace of executing a somersault over its beak. If the dive has been a forcible one it is frequently unable to reascend till it has rested for a short space on the sea, and it generally appears to have difficulties with the contents of its pouch. Sometimes, indeed, the bird despite, many wriggings of its head and sluicings down with water, has to throw forth upon the sea the fishes it has caught in order to rearrange and head them the proper way. This operation it must, however, warily



Henry O. Forbes.

PELICANS: PARENTS AND YOUNG.

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perform, for no sooner is an individual observed to be thus engaged than a couple of those ocean marauders, the Chilean skuas (*Catharctes chilensis*), or sometimes a pair of petrels, rapidly bears down upon it, and swimming backwards and forwards under its throat, snaps up any unsecured escapes from the pelican's bag, or grabs at a chance fin or tail peeping from between its mandibles. In watching the pelican feeding in the open sea one cannot help thinking that it is much inconvenienced by its wonderful oral apparatus, and greatly handicapped in comparison with Bougainville's cormorant or the gannets which seize and dispose of what they catch with extreme celerity and adroitness. Professor Newton states that the European pelican (*P. onocrotalus*) pursues its prey entirely under water, as it is said the White pelican (*P. erythrorhynchos*) also does. This is a method of capture never, in my experience, attempted by Molina's pelican. It appears to dive only when fishing in the deep sea, and, as already stated, only up to its shoulders; otherwise it feeds swimming about off shore in the quiet, shallow margin of the sea in which fish-fry, eels and occasionally small squids abound, and where the sandy bottom is not beyond the reach of its beak. The pelican is provided with such an elaborate system of air sacs and channels that diving far beneath the surface must, for it, be a task of difficulty.

Among the many spectacles of bird life that provoke admiration few are more wonderful, impressive and exciting than such fishing scenes as I have just referred to, when species of so many different kinds of marine birds congregated in their thousands are fending for themselves in the fiercest manner, yet associating in perfectly friendly relations.

When such a feeding orgy is over, the pelicans quietly break up into small friendly parties and wing their way back to the shore or to the sea margin to perform their toilet. The bath—usually taken in the late afternoon—is quite a diverting ceremony, affording to the participants great evident enjoyment—even hilarious sport, to which their head and elongated beak seem to be more adapted than to fish catching. After their bath the birds move to the shore, and there they may be watched with pleasure, cunningly manipulating what the onlooker is inclined to describe as their clumsy mandibles in arranging and carefully dressing into perfect order their newly cleansed plumage, an occupation to which they devote a great deal of their leisure. This persistent preening is, however, performed probably more for their personal comfort than from pride of appearance, for the purpose of removing an annoying species of bird parasite (*Tetropthalmus titan*) with which they are usually extraordinarily infested. Indeed, the lining of their pouch and the membranes of the

mouth are almost always found to be loaded with masses of these dead mallophaga, removed by the bird from its feathers by means of the terminal hooks of its beak, an instrument one would imagine less wieldy and efficient for so delicate an operation than it proves to be.

Remarkable as are the feeding scenes just described, not less wonderful as a scientific display of aerial locomotion is the performance to be witnessed when a host of pelicans assembles to "fly in the open firmament of heaven." With the exception of the condor and, perhaps, the lammmergeier, few birds can excel them as aeronauts. Having ascended by wide cycloidal curves to an elevation of many hundred feet, they then soar round and round in graceful circles on extended wings, gravely crossing and intertwining among each other as if threading the intricacies of some complicated stately progress. The favourite time for this exercise is in the twilight—an hour one might believe to be purposely chosen that the pastelled curtain of gorgeous hues, with which the sun's after-glow, evening upon evening, irradiates the heavens in few regions of the globe as along the Western Pacific Coast, might form a fit setting for a ceremonial so courtly as theirs.

The soaring of birds, especially as the performing species are usually of conspicuous size, has from of old profoundly excited the wonder of all who have thoughtfully observed the phenomenon—so extraordinary is it to see heavy bodies sustaining themselves for hours in the sky, advancing even against a strong head wind, while but rarely employing a true wing-beat, which is their sole propelling force through the air. Notwithstanding all that has been observed and recorded on this subject, "the way of a bird in the air"—be it soaring, sailing or other evolution—still, at countless points baffles the philosopher's attempted explanation by diagram. Can the marvel of a humming bird, at one moment hanging before a nectar cup on invisible wings gyrating enormously fast, and at the next shooting up bullet-like to one hundred feet in the air, be resolved by the parallelogram of forces or figured out by the calculus? These are the resources accumulated through ages of inheritance by a living organism, which has become acutely receptive to influences in the air imperceptible to grosser constitutions, which the bird can without flurry, and with lightning rapidity, bring into action at every necessitous moment in its aerial course, by messages along neurons trained to unflinching obedience, to pull there or slacken yonder the thousand intricate thongs and cords of a musculature to which, in health, no emergency, however sudden or desperate, can present itself, and the requisite mechanism be not ready or fails to act instantaneously.

HENRY O. FORBES.

DELPHI.

ILLUSTRATED FROM MR. JOSEPH PENNELL'S LITHOGRAPHS.

CAUGHT in a niche of the hills that foot Parnassos, Delphi hangs between heaven and earth. Above, the pine-clad slopes beyond the Kaké Skála—the Difficult Stair—ascend to the distant uplands, starred with golden and purple crocus; in the hollows of the high valleys lie the Kalyvia, the summer steadings of the shepherds. There the Korykian nymphs still hold the countryman in their spell of fear, and there is their cave, sentinelled by a dwarfed and twisted pine. High above all, the clouds break rarely, to reveal the long, glittering summit of Parnassos, a battlement of snow about a lake of ice. Below, the slopes fall giddily down to the shadowed depths of the valley that winds to Itéa, threaded by a winding silver line, the stream that comes down from Aráchova to the sea, and away to the south-west the headland fades into the glitter of the Corinthian Gulf. Westward, Kióna answers Parnassos with even mightier mass of snow-clad slopes and peaks. Between them the ragged limestone is cleft by the pass that brought the Dorians from the north in ages past, and that, followed northwards, leads to Dómoko—*δαμόκος*, the Wondrous View.

From the high terraces above this dead city of the god one may see Kyllene shining high, far away in Arcadia of the south; one may watch the clouds that Taygetos has mustered, on their northward march; one may catch the sudden flare of the dawn from the valley head, or see the shoulders of Kióna heave black against the westerling sky. From Thessaly to Arcadia, from Ætolia to Argos, there is no height in all Hellas that Parnassos does not survey. Yet it seems to hold aloof from all, and with it, the prophetic god whose home is here. The other gods sought their

worshippers; Apollo hides his glory in the hills. The Parthenon was a possession of Athens, standing in her very midst. Artemis in Sparta, Hera in Argos, dwelt among the haunts of men. The massive columns of the Temple of Corinth stand in the open plain betwixt the towering fortress and the sea. Poseidon needed no seeking by the busy traders who swarmed about his sanctuary. These columns are lonely now, and theirs is the solemnity of desolation, the grandeur of mighty effort of long ago, and it is forcibly brought home by the sight of these huge monoliths, as one stands in their shadow, looking towards the south, where the grey, forbidding steep of Acro Corinth rises, and seems almost to quiver in the midday heat. But to Delphi has belonged from the first, and must belong to the end, the splendour of remoteness and eternity, for in Delphi is the Omphalos, the marvel of the world.

Yet stranger, more godlike than all are the last moments of the dying day; for then the glory of the Phaidriadaí, the Shining Rocks, is seen. Sheer and sharp they rise, cleft from head to foot, on either side of the fount Castalia, whose waters run, clear and musical, from the hidden earth to the olive yards below the path, and past the plane tree beside whose ancestor Agamemnon gathered his host for Troy. As the light fades from the sky, it seems as though some magic of Apollo drew all its splendour to himself, and every ledge and scar and fissure gleams with fiery gold against the grey that turns to purple as the darkness grows. Why, I cannot tell, but it seems as though the light came from the rock itself, a living, inward glow: the beauty of it is unearthly. It is a place to inspire prophecy, this Middle of the World; and long before the first fair-haired Dorian came down the pass, bringing Apollo with him to Delphi, prophecy was here. Apollo's

slaying of the Python is but the symbol of the supplanting of an old serpent oracle, some wise ancestor of Pelasgian folk, who from his grave, in the earth-guise of a serpent, had given counsel to his descendants in this place. The Delphic priestess herself derived her inspiration from the earth below. The sky-god found the oracles of the lower world in full force when he came and took them to himself, as indeed he did all over Greece. Trophonios, hard by at Lebadea, was strong enough to withstand him, but there were few beside who could.

There is a strange reminiscence of a Minoan oracle in the story of the wandering crew of Dorians from Crete who first perfected the worship of Apollo here; but it would be stranger still, perhaps, if any oracle that was not of immemorial age had gained, throughout Hellas, among Hellenes of all stocks alike, such prestige and honour as were given to Delphi even long after all other Greek religion had become a hollow thing. So far back as 596 B.C. Athens joined hands with Sikyon to suppress the Krissæans, who were wont to plunder pilgrims to the oracle, and dedicated their lands to the god; and Apollo himself defended his

pronouncements of the oracle were based upon sounder and wider knowledge of conditions than was possessed by those who consulted it, and the belief that it inspired tended to control events in the direction that it indicated. True, there were moments when it faltered; not till Salamis had been fought did it speak clearly of resistance to Persia; but it gave to Themistokles the oracle that he needed to back his confidence in the "wooden walls" of Athens, and in the last resort it took refuge in a masterly ambiguity, which long practice had reduced to a fine art. We cannot but remember its prophecy to Cræsus: "If you cross the Halys you will destroy a great empire"—the empire that he was to destroy turned out to be his own. Lastly, Apollo reserved the right to lie when it pleased him. Says he, in the Hymn to Hermes: "Whoso, trusting birds not ominous, approaches mine oracle, to enquire beyond my will, and know more than the eternal gods, shall come, I say, on a bootless errand, yet his gifts shall I receive." There was no getting behind that standpoint!

The French excavations at Delphi have revealed the site of the sanctuary, with its encircling wall, its crowd of



ACRO-CORINTH FROM CORINTH.

shrine against the Persians in 479, holding the road beside the Shining Rocks with lightning and earthquake for his weapons. Again, when Brennus would have ravaged the sacred place, the mountain reeled, and mighty masses of stone, thundering down the hillside, put the sacrilegious invaders to flight; and even in a day of little faith the hand of the god was recognised in their defeat. It has been thought that the Apollo Belvedere is a copy of a statue then set up beside the gateway of the sanctuary, and that it represents the god hurling back his enemies with the shaken ægis.

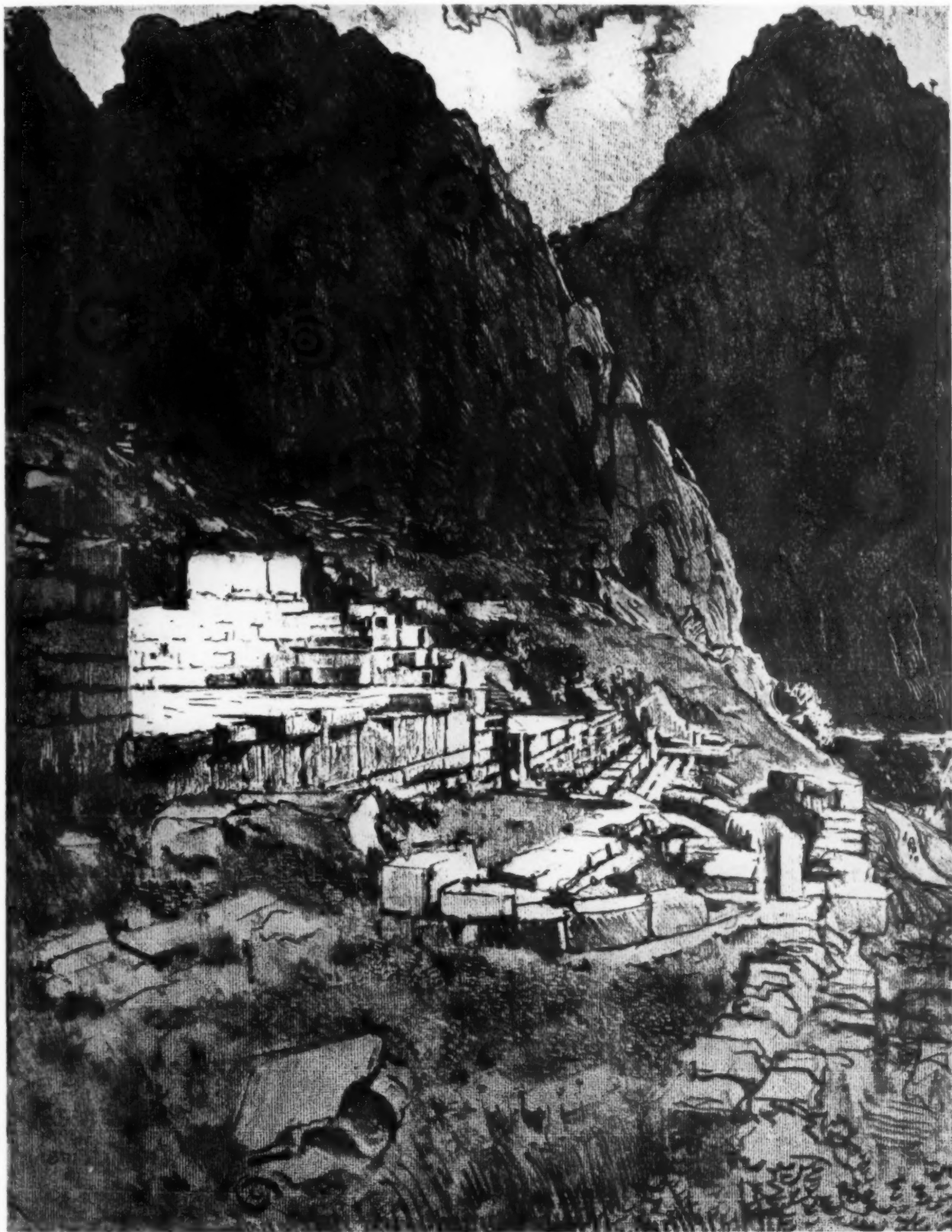
The pages of Herodotus and Pausanias are full of references to the sayings of the god. All writers, from earliest to latest days, are agreed that his oracle was incorruptible and infallible; the penalty for approaching the priests with a bribe was terrible; and, if these records can be trusted, Apollo earned his authority well, for his prophecies are full of wisdom. It is more than probable that the priesthood of Delphi had its secret emissaries in every part of the Hellenic world, and that to it came swift intelligence of all that was going forward of policy and of intrigue; thus the

treasure-houses along the sacred way that winds its flagged length to and fro among the *débris*, its wall of closely jointed polygonal masonry crowded with inscriptions, below the platform on which the plan of the temple can still be traced. At the western end of the temple is a subterranean chamber with a rift in the rock below it that may well be the chasm from which issued the mephitic vapour under whose influence the half-delirious priestess uttered the strangled cries that the priests converted into hexameter verse—shockingly bad verse too—as the sayings of the god; they say that the tripod was originally a contrivance invented, after several priestesses had been lost, to enable her to sit over the stupefying vapour without falling into the rift; her qualifications for the post were impeccable virtue and notorious stupidity, the latter a wise precaution, for it put her beyond the reach of bribes.

The road winds upward to the stadion, cut in the rock at the highest point of the theatre-like hollow in the hill. But the desolate site does little to recall the glitter and splendour of the days when singing processions marched up the hill

and swaying crowds filled the long stone seats. The starting mark is there, but the feet of the racers are still, and silence has fallen upon the place of the god since Theodosius closed the gates of the temple and the last oracle was spoken. In the little museum at the foot of the hill, the bright, inscrutable eyes of the bronze charioteer gaze out from a dead world

of the ancient gods to this day; and the very desolation and emptiness of this little wilderness of ruin carries with it the conviction of an eternal presence. Sulla despoiled the temple of its treasure to pay his soldiers; Nero carried off five hundred statues to adorn his golden house; yet these left scarcely a mark upon the glory of the god. Earth-



DELPHI—SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

upon the graveyard of a dead belief. But Parnassos is full of the whisperings of that old world. For fear of Artemis and her nymphs no peasant will seek shade from the noonday sun beneath a great pine tree. Pan holds the cool of the caves, and the arrows of the Sun-god fall upon the hillside yet. Of all Greece, Parnassos most surely holds the mystery

quake and time and unfaith have done their worst, but the light still glows upon the Shining Rocks; Delphi lives, though the work of men's hands be dust. And the faithful hand of a modern artist has conveyed to these pages that living light, that spirit that moves undismayed in the midst of desolation.

S. C. KAINES SMITH.



THE plans for Azay-le-Rideau were made in 1513, and we know that the house was finished before 1524. It was built by Gilles Berthelot, one of those Surintendants de Finances who, after the King himself, inspired most of the best architecture in France and left the blackest tragedies in French history behind them. The names of Jacques Cœur, of Jacques de Beaune Semblançay, of Bohier, of Fouquet are remembered as much by their meteoric fall from power as by the heritage of beauty they left their countrymen. Gilles Berthelot suffered the same catastrophe and left behind him the same splendour, with a difference. For he is not a commanding personage among his contemporaries in history, and his house has a reasonable beauty and proportion of design which sets it apart from every other of its time in Touraine. So it was not only fortunate for the Government of France to have been able to purchase the place for two hundred

thousand francs, but even more fortunate for the world that Azay-le-Rideau will be preserved for ever as a home for the treasures of that French Renaissance of which it is so early and so complete a gem.

The fact that it was sold by the Marquis de Biencourt (who inherited it) to M. Arnaud, who handed it on to the State; or that it passed from the Berthelots through many owners; or that it was once the home of Hugues Rideau, Seigneur d'Azay, who fought beside Philip Augustus at Bouvines—all these things need for the moment concern us even less than that the old feudal castle furnished a background to one of the most amusing of the Contes Drolatiques. What interests me most is the difference between Azay-le-Rideau and any of those other stately habitations which were often mere adaptations of the feudal fortress they replaced, and sometimes even used the old foundations, with somewhat haphazard results as concerned the final plan.

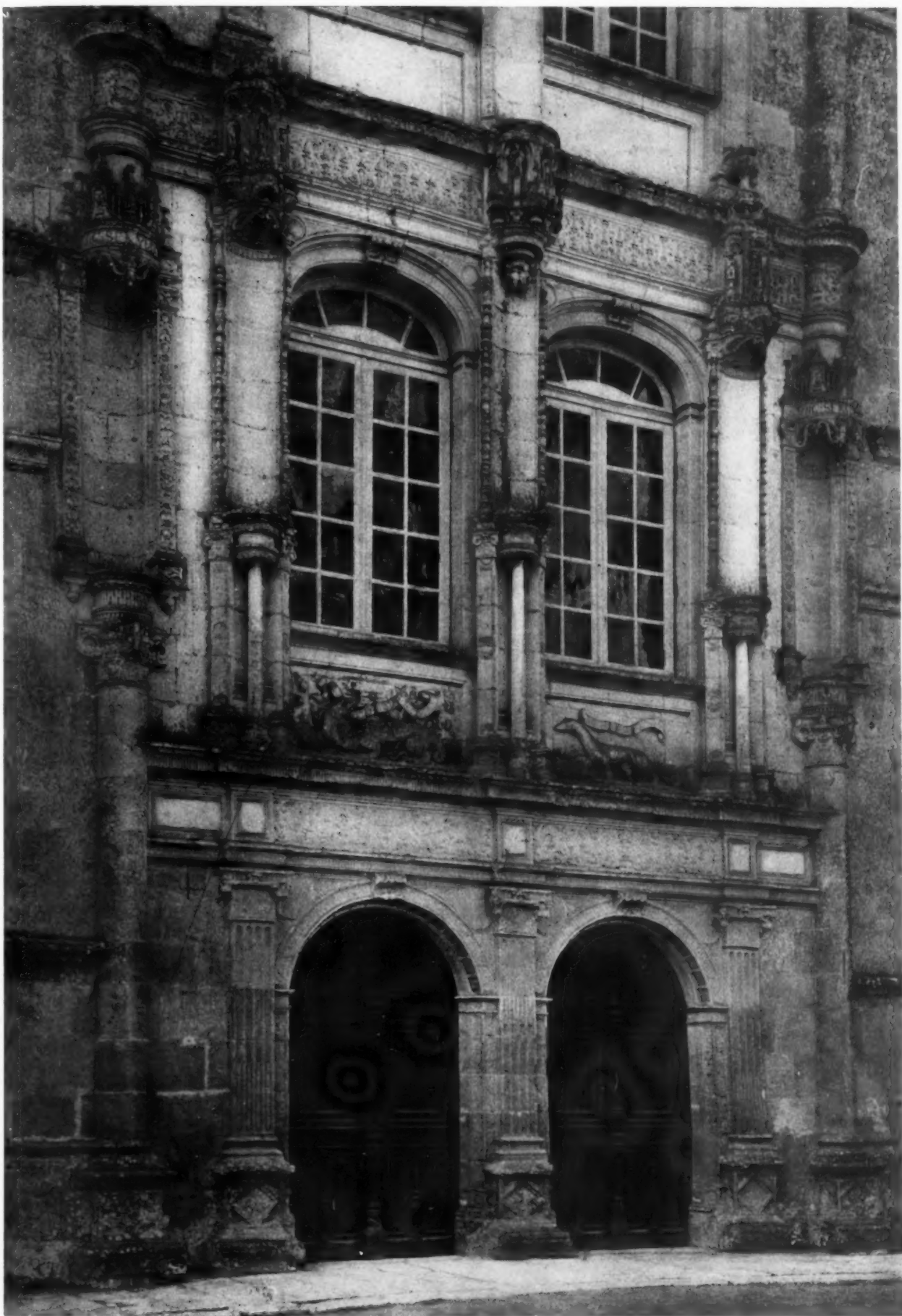
There have been many books written about French architecture and many varying opinions held about particular examples of it, but I venture to think that no account, by any author of any nationality, has either produced so reasonable a theory of development, or placed so many valuable records of research in their right light, as Mr. Reginald Blomfield's "History of French Architecture," published in 1911. That distinguished author, now a Royal Academician, pursues his subject from the reign of Charles VIII. until the death of Mazarin; and my only quarrel with him—for it would be too dull entirely to agree—is that he has so frank and deep a personal preference for the ordered majesty of this period's closing years that he seems—in my opinion—too ready to neglect its earlier specimens and to classify them broadly as the ignorant makeshifts of some palæolithic era before the solemn epoch of the full-fledged architect. I agree that the architect as we know him to-day is indispensable. I agree that he did not exist in France, in the same meaning, before, say, 1548. But I refuse to limit either the charms of proportion or the beauties of design to any dates so arbitrarily fixed. Nor have I ever been able to admit that the greatness of the "neo-classic" architecture of France was wholly due to Italy, even in what Mr. Blomfield would think the finest period of that



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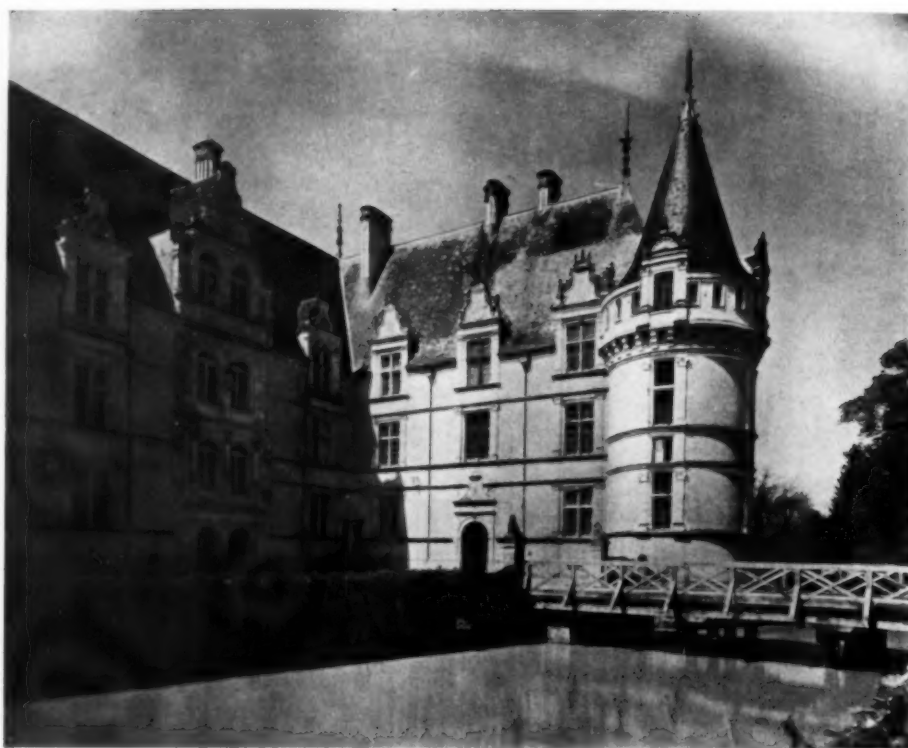
TWIN DOORWAYS ON ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

architecture; and still less can I admit that debt in any of the chateaux designed in the first forty years of the sixteenth century. I secretly compare Mr. Blomfield's attitude to that of Voltaire, whose views of previous reigns may be briefly described as wholesale condemnation of the uninstructed chaos which had not produced a *Roi-Soleil*.

No evidence has come to light to disprove the argument that building, before 1540, still followed in the main what Mr. Blomfield, with unconscious disdain, calls "the mediæval method," the method, I would suggest, which produced the great cathedrals and that ecclesiastical art which, as M. Emile Mâle's wonderful book has just so beautifully proved, was far more careful about the detail of its carvings than has generally been supposed hitherto. In the great private houses and civic buildings, of the time we are examining, much the same practice was followed; and, as Mr. Blomfield very rightly points out, the question of the royal palaces is very much more complicated by the fact that the King was constantly interfering with suggestions of his own which were not the less "amateurish" (in its bad sense) because they emanated from the throne. I do not insist upon the "amateur." But I refuse to admit that good work is limited to the "professional." In such a time as

1500—1550 I look for the man who knows his job; who is not fettered by too much formality; who loves the gradual development of details or arrangements he has known of old into the growing necessities of a newer age; who is not afraid to show that the real origin (sometimes the actual foundation) of his pleasure palace was a feudal fortress,



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COURTYARD AND MOAT.

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FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

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or that his line of little windows underneath the sheer height of the roof were once machicolated battlements; who does not mind handing over unimportant details of mural decoration to wandering Italian craftsmen; but who plans and cuts and lays out his masonry himself. This is the striving of a capable man towards the perfection possible to his surroundings; and it interests me far more than that level attainment of a cold ideal which only marks the highest point before inevitable decline.

the worst example of the fatal exaggerations of an untrained fancy, I suggest that we may take Azay as an exquisite specimen of the ordered skill of "the mere mason." It is to my mind significant that Philibert de l'Orme and Jean Bullant, great as they were in many ways, had to work when Serlio had brought the "professional architect" finally into France, just as Léon Battista Alberti did in Italy, just as Inigo Jones did in England. These men, great as they were, do not seem to me so much to mark a period of culminating achievement



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MAIN FRONT ACROSS THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It will be well to have in our minds a short list of some of the Renaissance chateaux in this particular period. I will take them in the order of their building: Gaillon, Chaumont, Chenonceaux, Azay, Blois, Chambord, La Rochefoucauld, Chateaubriant, Ecouen, Ancy-le-Franc, Villandry. The first was begun in 1501, the last in 1540. Azay-le-Rideau, as I have said, represents the years from 1513 to 1524. Chaumont had been finished. Chenonceaux was still in progress. The north wing of Blois was slowly rising. Chambord had scarcely been begun. And, if we may take Chambord as

as to indicate a point from which progress was stayed, when the rigidities of dissolution made their pallid appearance, when decay was the next step.

Mr. Reginald Blomfield has set forth with so much mastery of detail and clarity of style all that is known of the old French master-masons that I need only refer my reader to his volumes for the facts that have come down to us. But with his conclusions I must be content to differ. "The effect," he says of such work as that of the builder of Azay and the rest, "is often fascinating, but it is due to accident."

I cannot believe that anyone who has seen Azay will agree to that. It is profoundly true that any effort to imitate such buildings nowadays must inevitably fail, not only because the conditions which produced them have passed away, but chiefly because trades unions have destroyed the workman's pride in individual excellence; and this is as true of the great cathedrals as of the chateaux of the Loire. But why should the test of good architecture be that it can be reproduced? Why should the excellence of a good architect be his mere obedience to rule? Both of these things may have their value; but I think the work of Azay or of Bourges has something which is superior to either, and I think so without any insistence either on the superiority of "Gothic" to "Renaissance," or on the possibility of reproducing one with better chances of success than the other. Progress in architecture does not imply reproduction. It may imply the use of materials which are traditionally and locally advisable; it may imply the development of old styles of planning or old methods of ornament according to the wider demands of a more enlightened civilisation; but it does also imply, or the whole history of art is meaningless, a freedom of invention, a personal interpretation of the given problem, and a fearlessness of invention that is based upon the scholarship of building. I have no hesitation in choosing Azay-le-Rideau as an example of what I mean; for any building whose fascinations are less "due to accident" I have never found in what those early decades of the sixteenth century have left us.

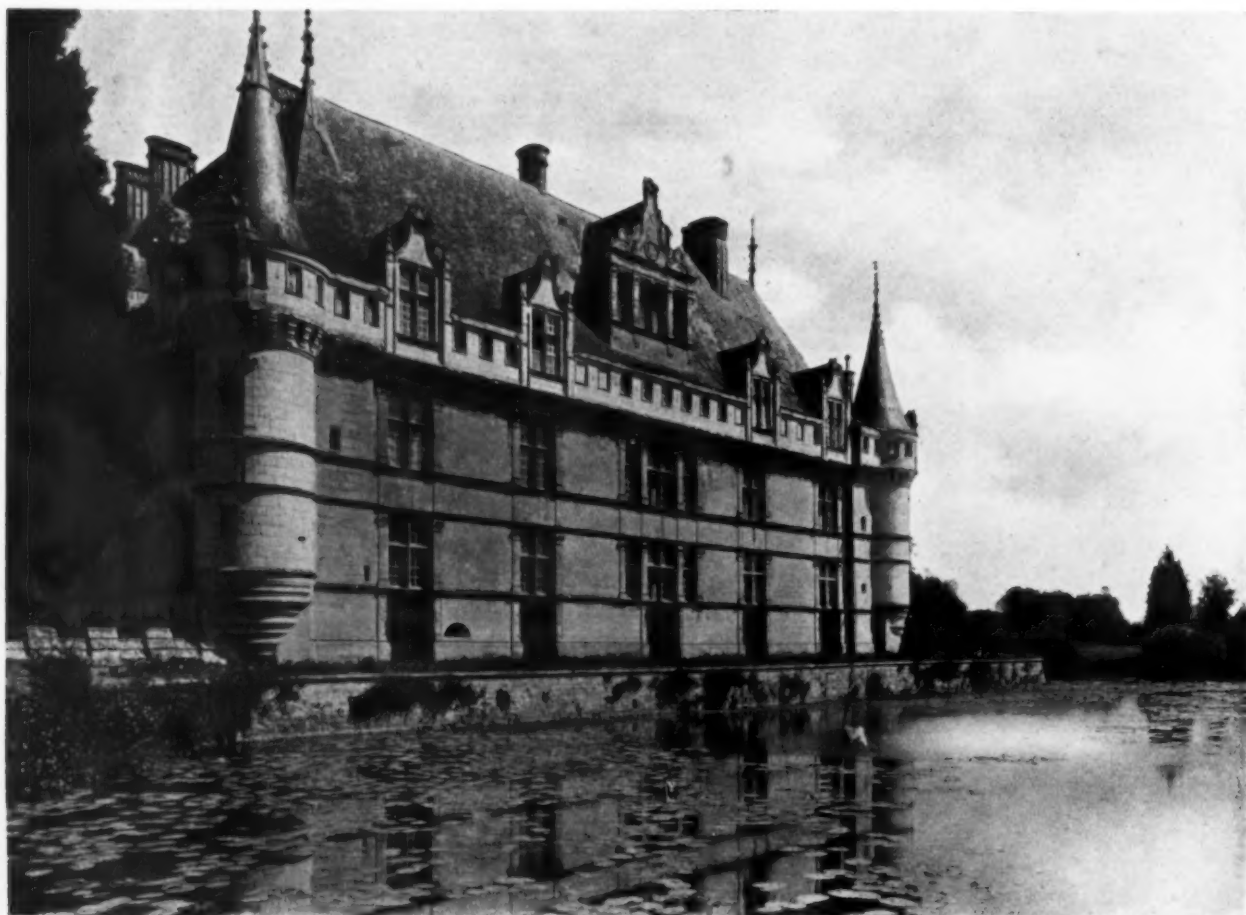


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AN OUTSIDE STAIR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It is perfectly true that the patriotic enthusiasm of certain French *savants* has too often awarded to "a mere master-mason" the credit of a design which would have been impossible either to his skill or to his opportunities. And it is still more often the case that in the majority of instances, and more particularly in the Royal castles, there cannot be said to have been any coherent, logical, unified design at all. But the "master-masons" were not only extraordinary stone-cutters, as the staircase of Blois or Chambord bear witness, or the vaulting both of their stairways and their ceilings. Their art was largely inherited from the men who designed and built the cathedrals; and it would



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

be carrying intolerance too far to say that such education involved no capacity for planning; it would also be neglecting the whole course of contemporary history in France. The cathedrals rose at a period of universal and sincere religious exaltation, when the Church had begun to make it clear that neither the crown of the Emperor nor the tiara of the Pope was a sure passport to that heaven which opened wide its golden gates to men of contrite spirit, to the poor and them that had no substance, to holy and humble men of heart. And that same period saw the rise of the free Communes as well. Before it ended, Louis XI. had crushed the last remnants of the old feudality. The first half of the sixteenth century corresponds to a similar period of exaltation among the higher classes. Charles VIII.'s first invasions of Italy had revealed modes of life and thought and luxury which many a well born Frenchman envied. France herself, after a long period of famine and warfare within her borders, was beginning to enjoy the blessings of a more established peace. The feudal fortress was no longer needed as a stronghold, either against the foreign invader or the domestic freelance. Its thick dungeon walls, its narrow windows, its overhanging battlements that could rain down molten lead and stone upon the besiegers, were no longer necessary. Its inmates cried for light and for the broad windows of Italy that let the light in more abundantly. And the master masons answered that call, without caring to destroy the old buildings they remodelled, as at Josselin or Chenonceaux, or to alter them at all when there was room to build beside them, as at Loches. The old foundations were too truly laid to be entirely abandoned, so they built on them, or added to them, and turned the dungeon-fortress into a pleasure palace like Blois, or a hunting seat like Chambord, sometimes with a confused result that only time has mellowed into harmony, but sometimes with a definite purpose that has refused to be trammelled by the old ideals, though it has kept so many of the old traditions; and of this latter kind, the quiet, spacious, lovely country house and nothing else, is Azay. And I am glad that it was built before Philibert de l'Orme or Serlio, because it shows all of their ordered methods that are necessary and preserves not merely an honest admiration for traditional details of construction, but also an originality of treatment which means growth instead of stagnation, which is ready to graft any good thing from Italy upon the old and well tried methods of France, which will give Italian workmen the surface decoration of the wall spaces laid out for that purpose, which sets Italian pilasters beneath the Gothic roofs and the French pointed turrets, and Italian staircases in the rooms of a French Surintendant de Finance. This is neither the stupidity nor the narrow-mindedness of an untrained designer. It is the real capacity of an honest workman who not merely understood his own work, but also understood that it could be improved by suggestions from outside.

Azay-le-Rideau is full of such ordered improvements, and it is built upon a logical and consistent and harmonious

plan. Whatever the other "master-masons" were, the builder of Azay deserves the name of architect, in spite of Mr. Blomfield's decision that "at the time when Chambord, Chenonceaux and most of the Loire châteaux were being built, the architect—that is, the man specifically trained as a designer of buildings and possessed of expert knowledge of building methods—did not exist." Some of these buildings, no doubt, are "the half articulate efforts of beginners striving to express themselves in an unfamiliar language." But the man who built Azay knew his French, and he used his Italian phrases with an almost equal mastery. He was, in fact, an exception to Mr. Blomfield's somewhat too sweeping rule, and he has all the fascination and originality of an



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A CARVED DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

exception, without either the lawlessness of sheer caprice or the barren errors of mere ignorance.

Azay is the earliest instance of a deliberate break with the mediaeval style of living-rooms, on a far more advanced plan than Bohier got at Chenonceaux, and a much more mature design than Nantouillet gave Duprat. There are rumours that the master-mason in charge was one Etienne Rousseau, but I can find no documentary evidence whatever in support of that name, or indeed of any other. He was a Frenchman, at any rate, if we may argue from his work. The river Indre flows round it on the north and south façades and then winds away to the west amid a tiny archipelago of islands. No one could have asked a better setting, and

few could have taken such good advantage of it. The approach to the charmingly planned forecourt over the lion-guarded bridge is masterly. The outer bands of the different floors are accentuated by the only ornament on the exterior with the exception of the beautifully decorated entrance which supports the stairway. Here are the salamander of François I. and the ermine of his first wife. A little arcade connects the ground floor with the upper storeys, on which the pilasters and other members are covered with the daintiest arabesques. They may be Italian both in feeling and in workmanship, but they are here most rightly used, and elsewhere employed both with restraint and judgment. The cornice, which replaced the ancient battlement, is admirably treated. The tourelles, which recall the pinnacled towers of feudal fortresses, are retained in a new and graceful form of corbelled angle-towers.

The founder of its builder's family was Jean Berthelot, Chancellor to Louis XII., who married Pernelle Thoreau, by whom he had a son, Gilles, Treasurer-General to the King, and husband of Philippe Lebès. In 1502 Gilles pulled down the old castle. His three aunts, who had all married well, helped his ambitions in every direction. But his friendship with Jacques de Beaune Semblançay ruined him when the wrath of Louise de Savoie had its way. Though he had won high office both at Court and in his own province, for he was Mayor of Tours in 1520, he had to fly for safety to Cambrai in 1527, and he cannot have lived in Azay for more than about seven years. He was followed there by Antoine Raffin, whose son's widow married Arthur de Cossé, Marshal of France; and their daughter, Antoinette, brought Azay as her dowry to Guy de Saint Gelais. After other vicissitudes of ownership it passed, in 1788, to Charles, Marquis de Biencourt, whose descendants lived there till quite recently, among a gallery of pictures well-nigh unequalled among the



Copyright.

AN OVERDOOR.

"C.L."



Copyright.

A SALON FIREPLACE.

"C.L."

great collections of the Loire. One of these I shall never forget—a magnificent equestrian portrait of Henri II., painted by François Clouet, about 1556. The melancholy King was represented about half life size, on horseback, in a rich Court costume of black with white trimmings, issuing from a great gate on the right of the canvas, and passing slowly to the left in front of a grey wall. The monarch's dark, mysterious eyes looked full at the spectator, distressed, uncertain, unexplained and inarticulate; yet dignified enough, and sombre in his steady outward gaze, the King's figure in black, against the grey background, inspired a curious and sorrowful reality. The picture had disappeared when last I revisited the chateau, with the same artist's Catherine de Médécis with the charming Marie Stuart's face, with the lovely form of Anne of Austria. They have vanished now from the legend-haunted walls of Azay, as they have vanished, in fact, from France. But under the care of the French Government, the fate of Azay itself is for the future safe, and those who visit it will find a museum of the French Renaissance in a setting worthy of its rich and rare contents.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

The Country Home for next week will be Leez Priory, Essex, the seat of Mr. Hughes-Hughes.

PIERROT.

You long-legged want-wit, pining for the moon
With sad eyes heavy lidded, dark and pale,
Humming some dirge to desecrate queen June,
Sighing a very gale!

So Columbine is faithless? Can you doubt
The love of one so fey to bear with you?
If Harlequin's a rogue, why, call him out
And run the fellow through!

Dear King of Nonsense, dressed in white and black,
Absurd yet picturesque, by all adored,
You charm by surfeit of the grace we lack—
You've never yet been bored!

H. T. W. BOUSFIELD.

IN THE GARDEN.

A BEAUTIFUL CAMELLIA.

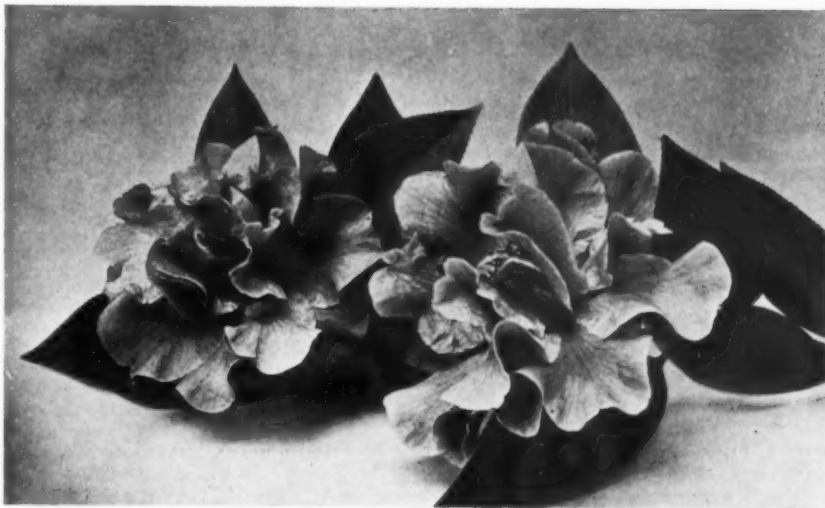
TO those who dislike the stiff, formal flowers of *Camellia japonica* and its numerous varieties one may recommend the species illustrated herewith. This is *C. reticulata*, a native of China, whence it was introduced to this country nearly a century ago. As will be seen, the flowers are only semi-double and of informal outline, the colour being a pleasing shade of bright rose. The leaves are dark green and glossy, with a beautiful network of paler green veins. It is an ideal plant for a cool greenhouse, where plenty of ventilation can be given and where the temperature during the winter can be kept at about 45deg. or 50deg. Fahr. When planted out in a border, which is the best way of growing it where the house is large enough, it makes a noble bush 8ft. to 10ft. high, and flowers freely during the early months of the year. It can, however, be successfully grown and flowered in pots. In common with other *Camellias*, it appreciates thoroughly drained soil consisting of good loam, peat or leaf-soil, and sand. One often hears complaints of *Camellias* shedding their flower-buds before these open. This is generally due to dryness of atmosphere or insufficient supply of water to the roots, points that the would-be cultivator must endeavour to look well after. H.

RHODODENDRON ARGENTEUM.

Visitors to the recent London flower shows cannot have failed to notice the large trusses of bloom, or even entire plants, of this handsome *Rhododendron* that are being exhibited. The flowers are of a glistening white, and two inches to three inches across, with ten prominent dark anthers. The leaves are as wonderful as the beautiful heads of bloom, for they are a full deep green above, but silvery white beneath. It is from the silvery underside of the leaf that this *Rhododendron* takes the specific name *argenteum*, although, like so many other plants in cultivation, this species has the misfortune to possess more than one botanical name, the other being *R. grande*, derived, I believe, from the large and tree-like proportions that it attains in its native haunts in Sikkim. This year *Rhododendron argenteum* is flowering remarkably well; but, in common with other species, it seldom flowers profusely in two consecutive years. It should be pointed out that the handsome trusses of this *Rhododendron* that have been so admirably shown this season have—at least, in most instances—been grown in the equable and moist atmosphere near to the Southern Cornish coast. Except in the Southern English counties, and in favoured parts of Ireland, this noble *Rhododendron* ought not to be trusted outdoors, but given the protection of greenhouse or conservatory. C. Q.

A WINTER-FLOWERING IRIS.

Of all the flowers that open outdoors during the late winter and early spring none is more appreciated than the beautiful *Iris*, illustrated on this page. For many years this was known in



FLOWERING SPRAY OF *CAMELLIA RETICULATA*.

This has bright rose coloured flowers and is excellent for a cool greenhouse.



RHODODENDRON ARGENTEUM.

A beautiful species with glistening white flowers. It is hardy in Southern and Western Counties, but needs greenhouse protection near London.



IRIS UNGICULARIS.

A charming hardy species that flowers in late winter and spring. It needs well drained soil.

gardens as *I. unguicularis*, and I notice that Mr. W. R. Dykes, in his sumptuous work on these plants, still retains that name, although I believe the Kew authorities label it *stylosa*. This question of nomenclature, however, does not detract from its value as a plant for the outdoor garden. Although many fail to grow it satisfactorily, it is not really difficult to manage. A warm situation is necessary, but even more important is perfectly drained soil, in which a good proportion of old mortar has been incorporated. It may be transplanted either in April or September, but it is best left undisturbed as long as possible. I have it in a narrow border alongside the dwelling house, where its dainty and fragrant pale blue flowers have been much appreciated during the last five or six weeks. Plenty of water and occasional doses of weak liquid manure during spring and early summer, when growth is active, are of considerable benefit to this plant. In addition to the type, there are several varieties, one having white flowers being highly prized by those who are fortunate enough to possess it. It was, I believe, first discovered in the Algerian scrub by the Rev. E. Arkwright about 1878.

A HARDY SHRUB WITH BEAUTIFUL CATKINS.

In a few gardens just now the beautiful hardy shrub named *Garrya elliptica* is clothed with its long, pale green catkins, which contrast so well with the darker-hued, Oak-like leaves. It is difficult to understand why it is not more extensively grown, as it was introduced to this country from California as long ago as 1818. Although admirably adapted for growing against a north or west wall, it is as an isolated bush on a lawn that this shrub is seen to the best advantage. At the Cambridge Botanic Garden there is a magnificent specimen over 30ft. in diameter, and each spring it is literally clothed with catkins, the character of which will be readily seen in the accompanying illustration. Well drained but moderately rich soil seems necessary for its well-being, and when once established the roots should be disturbed as little as possible. The only pruning needed is the shortening back of shoots that are encroaching too far on space required for other plants, and this is best done immediately the flowers have faded. The shrub is dioecious, and as the male plant is much the prettier of the twain, it should be stipulated when ordering.

F. W. H.

PRUNING ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS.

It is doubtful whether any other necessary gardening operation is so little understood, or so seldom properly carried out, as the pruning of ornamental shrubs. In many places, and more particularly gardens of small dimensions, the cutting is carried out indiscriminately and to excess, with the result that the plants never attain the graceful contour and freedom of blossoming that Nature intended. On the other hand, one sometimes finds, even in good gardens where a large staff is kept, shrubberies that are overcrowded and neglected, and far from being the interesting and pleasing feature that a well planted and tended shrub border ought to be.

For the purpose of elucidation we may divide ornamental shrubs, roughly, into three sets, *i.e.*, those that flower in late winter and spring, those that flower in summer and autumn, and those of an evergreen character. The first two sets are of the greatest importance, and, owing to the divergent character of the many kinds embraced, need the exercise of forethought and care.

Shrubs that Flower in Late Winter and Spring.—Of these we find good examples in the Winter Jasmine, *Forsythia suspensa* or Golden Bell,

Spiraea arguta, *S. Thunbergii* and *S. confusa*, Winter Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans*) *Prunus japonica flore pleno* and the Star-flowered Magnolia, *M. stellata*. Now, it is obvious that as these shrubs produce their blossoms so early in the year, they must be borne on wood that was made the previous autumn; hence to cut away any of this wood before the flowering, *i.e.*, in autumn or winter, would mean a corresponding loss of flowers. For this reason the wise gardener will defer any cutting that may be necessary until after the flowers have faded, but the earlier then it is done the better; for this removal of wood is an inducement to the shrub to produce more growths of a robust character that will, in most instances, flower freely next winter or spring. Although this may be taken as a good general basis on which to work, some knowledge of the shrubs and the conditions under which they are grown will also be necessary. Some shrubs, notably *Magnolia stellata*, already referred to, are so slow-growing that very little pruning is ever needed, all that is required being an occasional thinning out of old wood. On the other hand, the Golden Bell (*Forsythia*) or *Prunus triloba flore pleno* will need their shoots that have flowered cut back close to the old wood if grown in beds or against a wall, but if grown in a border, where large specimens can be accommodated, only a few growths need be treated in this way. Much the same remarks apply to the Winter Jasmine when, on the one hand, it is grown in a confined space and, on the other, where it has almost unlimited room. It will therefore be seen that the pruning of early flowering shrubs calls for the exercise of common sense and knowledge of the habit of the plants and the purpose for which they are grown. But we may take it as a good general rule, that whatever cutting may be necessary is best done directly the flowers have faded.

Summer and Autumn Flowering Shrubs.—When we come to these the remarks as to the exercise of common sense may be applied with equal

force. But here the method of pruning will differ considerably. Into this section we may place such shrubs as *Buddleia variabilis*, *veitchiana*, *Tamarix aestivalis*, such *Spiraeas* as *japonica* and *Douglasii*, *Ceanothus azureus* and *americanus*, *Diervillas* or *Weigelas* and the Spanish and Mount Etna Brooms. With these shrubs the pruning is usually done in February or March, especially with the *Buddleia* and *Spiraeas*, which are then cut hard back almost to the old wood. These shrubs produce their best flowers on growths that are made during the current year, and by



FLOWERING SPRAY OF THE MALE GARRYA ELLIPTICA.

This is a delightful evergreen hardy shrub that produces its catkins at this season.

pruning severely the formation of sturdy shoots is induced. Then, someone may ask, "Why not prune earlier in the winter?" The reason is this: If the work were done, say, in November or December, the dormant buds that were left would, in all probability, start into growth almost at once, and, consequently, be very liable to damage by cold winds or frost. By leaving the pruning until March, the buds remain quiescent and the danger is to a very considerable extent obviated. The *Tamarix* mentioned may be pruned in two ways. At Kew it is grown in large lawn beds, and is cut down nearly to the ground level early each spring. On the other hand, if grown in a shrub border and a large plant is desired, less drastic treatment would be called for, a partial shortening back only of the growths being necessary. The *Diervillas* or *Weigelas* need different treatment again. Although flowering in summer, the blossoms are mostly on previous year's wood, and a thinning out of very old growths is all that can be permitted, unless some are shortened to keep them within bounds. The Spanish and Mount Etna Brooms are best left well alone, except to occasionally thin out a few of the old shoots, or to restrict those that are encroaching too much on their neighbours. In doing this, however, do not cut into old wood, otherwise new shoots are not likely to be formed. The *Ceanothus* named are cut back almost to the old wood each year, but this must not be taken to apply to such kinds as *C. rigidus*, *C. thyrsiflorus* and *C. veitchianus*, which flower much earlier in the year, and ought, therefore, to be treated as advised for *Forsythia*. Most of the ornamental flowering shrubs come under one or the other of the types that are named, and, with reasonable care and observation, their pruning ought not to be a matter of great difficulty.

With Evergreen Shrubs the work is of a comparatively simple character. It is usually done for the purpose of admitting light and air to the plants,

when a general thinning out of the oldest and worst-looking shoots is called for; or to keep the plants within bounds. In the latter case shortening back of too venturesome growths is demanded, and let it be done with knife or secateurs, not with the garden shears, especially where large-leaved shrubs are being dealt with. Although evergreen shrubs can be pruned at almost any season, March is most generally favoured, because new growth is subsequently very quickly formed, and any branches that may have been laid bare veiled with greenery.

F. W. H.

THE GLORY OF THE SNOW.

This is the popular name given to a beautiful little blue flower that opens during the early days of spring, when vegetation generally is awakening from its winter slumber. Botanically the plant is known as *Chionodoxa Luciliae*. It has a small bulb, about the size of that of *Elwes' Snowdrop*, and is excellent for planting towards the front of the shrubbery or in beds of deciduous shrubs. The bulbs can be purchased cheaply, and should be planted about three inches deep and subsequently left alone. Treated thus they increase well, and give quite a carpet of their china blue, bell

shaped flowers at this season. There is an even more pleasing variety known as *sardensis*. This is deep blue in colour, with cinnamon red flower-stems. The blossoms open just a little later than those of *Luciliae*. It is a very charming flower for planting in small colonies in the rock garden or for the more prominent places among shrubs. Seeds are produced in abundance, and if allowed to ripen and fall, germinate very freely, many plants being obtained in this way in the course of a few years.

H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CRIMSON DOGWOOD.

SIR,—This is called *Cornus sanguinea* by Miss Florence Woolward in *COUNTRY LIFE* for March 14th. The mistake is common and worth correcting for two reasons. The bush she refers to is the Siberian Dogwood, *C. alba*, which bears white fruit. The true *C. sanguinea* is a native shrub, frequent in some districts in copses and hedgerows, twigs and leaves getting red in autumn and with small black fruit. The value is not nearly so great as the splendidly hued Siberian Dogwood.—WM. ROBINSON.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

LIKE to the literary student and the general reader, the publication of the translation by Louise and Aylmer Maude of *Plays*, by Leo Tolstoy (Constable), is an event of first-class importance. Tolstoy, like our own Ruskin and other writers who have combined brilliant literary powers with highly questionable doctrinaire views on questions of sociology and politics, has had the misfortune to attract many who are more easily captured by bizarre and out of the way views than by sterling and profound literary genius. It may be a relief, then, to consider these plays from the standpoint of one who is rather bored than otherwise by the elucidation of moral doctrines in literature. The two sides to Tolstoy are very aptly illustrated by the plays which respectively begin and end the present volume. The former is "The Power of Darkness," the masterpiece which was also the first drama published by Tolstoy, and was written in his fifty-eighth year. The other is "The Light that Shines in Darkness," a play unfinished at the author's death. Its object is to set forth Tolstoy's moral code as it was elaborated in the later years of his life. To read these two is to gain a full insight into the constituent elements of the great Russian. "The Power of Darkness" is an addition to world literature. It does not form very agreeable reading; but it maintains that grip on mind and imagination which is only exercised by the few. The drama in spirit is more Greek than modern. It has for *dramatis personæ* a crowd of rustics, about whom lie the very scent and savour of the earth. But here is no Arcadia such as poets from Theocritus to Burns have described. No keepers of sheep sit piping their sorrows to sleep under the shade of the pine tree. No Baucis and Philemon profess love in a cottage. There is no Phyllis and no Corydon. The peasants of Tolstoy are coarse and unbridled, lustful, covetous, jealous, dishonest; not stopping at murder for the achievement of their sordid ends. And he spares us no detail. "Wither'd murder" is enacted so as to show all its horror. Remorse produces madness as wild as that of Lady Macbeth. But the characters are very true to life, and drawn with a force that owes everything to moderation. The one good man who shines in this world of general darkness is as inarticulate as a Shakespearean clown. Akim, who is described in the list of characters as "fifty years old, a plain-looking, God-fearing peasant," is drawn with nicety of touch and clearness of outline. The play is very little marred with what has come to be known as Tolstoyism. The defect, as we think, is the girding at bank interest, which is rather dragged in. The simple old peasant does not understand the nature of interest, but conceives that when his son goes to draw it he is taking away his capital. The gist of the argument is in the following passage, where Akim is protesting against the money being taken out of the bank, and his daughter-in-law says they had not touched it, only some twenty or thirty roubles have become due as interest and must be taken:

AKIM. Must be taken. Why take it, the money, I mean? You'll take some to-day, I mean, and some to-morrow; and so you'll, what d'you call it, take it all, I mean.

ANISYA. We get this besides. The money is all safe.

AKIM. All safe? How's that, safe? You take it, and it, what d'you call it, it's all safe. How's that? You put a heap of meal into a bin, or a barn, I mean, and go on taking meal, will it remain there, what d'you call it, all safe, I mean? That's, what d'you call it, it's cheating. You'd better find out, or else they'll cheat you. Safe indeed! I mean you, what d'ye call . . . you take it and it remains all safe there?

Here, as elsewhere, Tolstoy makes his argumentative point by only meeting a very inadequate objection to it.

In "The Light that Shines in Darkness" such points are raised over and over again. Here the writer is very thinly disguised under the name Nicholas Ivanovich. He is a great landowner who gets into trouble with his family because, owing to a new-found doctrine that all men are equal and entitled to an equal share of the land and its products, he allows his timber to be cut down and stolen by the peasants. He thinks it a sin to be a great landowner; but, judging from the lines of his argument, it would not appear that he ever came across the sound economic objection to his principles. He went to learn carpentry, on the theory that he ought to work with his hands as other people worked; but surely that was giving up a great office for a very small one. Russia as a country is very backward in agriculture, and the peasantry, despite the advance they have made in recent years, are far behind the similar class in other European countries. A landowner, therefore, who devoted his energy to the development of his estate would surely have conferred more good on his fellow men than by becoming a very inferior carpenter. That is only one of many questions that are raised and settled, apparently to the author's complete satisfaction, but to the boredom of anyone who has brought clear thinking to bear on them. Tolstoy, who was the last man in the world to admit the full and complete inspiration of the Scriptures, has no better defence than that such and such an act is contrary to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. The most notable instance is that of Boris, who refuses to serve in the Army on grounds stated thus:

HEAD DOCTOR. Well, you see you have refused to perform your military service. On what grounds do you do so?

BORIS. I am a Christian, and therefore cannot commit murder.

HEAD DOCTOR. But one must defend one's country from her foes, and keep those who want to destroy the social order from evil-doing.

BORIS. No one is attacking our country; and there are more among the governors who destroy social order than there are among those whom they oppress.

HEAD DOCTOR. Yes? But what do you mean by that?

BORIS. I mean this: the chief cause of evil—vodka—is sold by the Government; false and fraudulent religion is also fostered by the Government; and this military service which they demand of me—and which is the chief means of demoralising the people—is also demanded by the Government.

The essence of all this is that Tolstoy advocated the putting down of one authority in order to set up another. Real and practical philosophy could not accept this method. What has to be considered is the greatest good of the greatest number, and if any alteration were to be made in our system of morals, it would lie upon the reformer to show that the changes he advocates would work in a manner beneficial to mankind. Nicholas Ivanovich, or Tolstoy, certainly had not right on his side when he inflicted pain and anxiety upon his wife and family by acting on his convictions in a manner that reacted on them. It is pathetic to think that the idea of simple, austere living which had haunted him for so many years only took effect when his vigorous mind had begun to show signs of senile decay. It is one more illustration of the truth that great and brilliant writers do more harm than good when they recommend reforms, not on the hard and sure ground that they are advantageous to humanity, but because they are glorified by the imagination. If Tolstoy had advanced so far that he could have thought less of his own soul and more about the wellbeing of those round him, he would have been a greater man. We bow with admiration before his achievements in literature, but shrink from his fantastic doctrines.

POINT-TO-POINT RACING.



FACING THE BLAST.

WITH the irksome restrictions imposed by the National Hunt removed, this season must mark the revival of point-to-point racing, and it looks as if the hindrance it has lately suffered had caused the sport to revive with quite as much, if not more, vigour than ever. Such meetings are taking place at present all over the country, fields are large and enthusiasm seems quite unabated. That the

"point-to-point" is a most popular function in country districts everyone who has to do with the country knows, and that it offers opportunity to hunting people to meet with their best friends, the farmers, and to do a little towards entertaining those to whose hospitality they owe so much during the hunting season, goes without saying. To such meetings many people go who would be most unlikely to attend more serious racing, but who enjoy seeing horses and persons



THE FIRST FENCE INTO THE PLOUGH.



BLOWN.

they know competing in friendly rivalry. In these days, when class feeling is often stirred up for political reasons, opportunities like these for all classes to meet are of the utmost importance, and the friendliness existing among sportsmen—by which term I certainly include the farmer—is a thing that should be fostered by every means possible.

The removal of the hampering restrictions which caused such trouble during the last season is a matter to be rejoiced over; but increased liberty carries along with it also increased responsibility, and it would be well if those governing individual point-to-point meetings realised this fully. In this kind of racing, the further it is kept from similarity to the more artificial sport of the race-course the better. There is no doubt that the most genuine point-to-point is that where the line is fixed as being from one point to another and is more or less straight, such as a good "straight-necked" fox might be supposed to travel. This, however, is least interesting from the point of view of the spectators; therefore usually a compromise is arrived at by marking a more or less circular course, flagged only at the turns. Such a course is quite without objection, and is carrying out to the letter at least the rule which forbids flags in the fences themselves.

Far too often, however, the spirit of such rule is departed from entirely by cutting and making up the fences in the most obvious line to be taken. This, unless in the case of a fence which is a trap or dangerous, is to depart entirely, in my opinion, from the spirit and intention of the point-to-point, and except that the going is possibly more varied, there is little or no difference between it and the regular race-course.

Horses which are far from being real hunters can win over such a course, and this fact greatly discourages the entry of the genuine article. There used to be a rule upon many cards that seems to have fallen greatly into disuse, which also had a bearing upon this subject. It was that no horse engaged should have been in a training stable within a certain time before the race.

The preservation of a natural course, so far as such is possible and compatible with a reasonable degree of safety, and the enforcement of all rules, like the one mentioned, calculated to confine the entries to genuine hunters out of the stables from which they had been hunted, are, in my humble opinion, the



BOTH WELL BEAT.

duties of all executives, and would do much to foster the sport, to prevent friction with the governing body, and to prolong its existence in the form originally intended. But

whatever may be our criticism, there can be no doubt that the hunt point-to-points are usually the jolliest of fixtures. G.

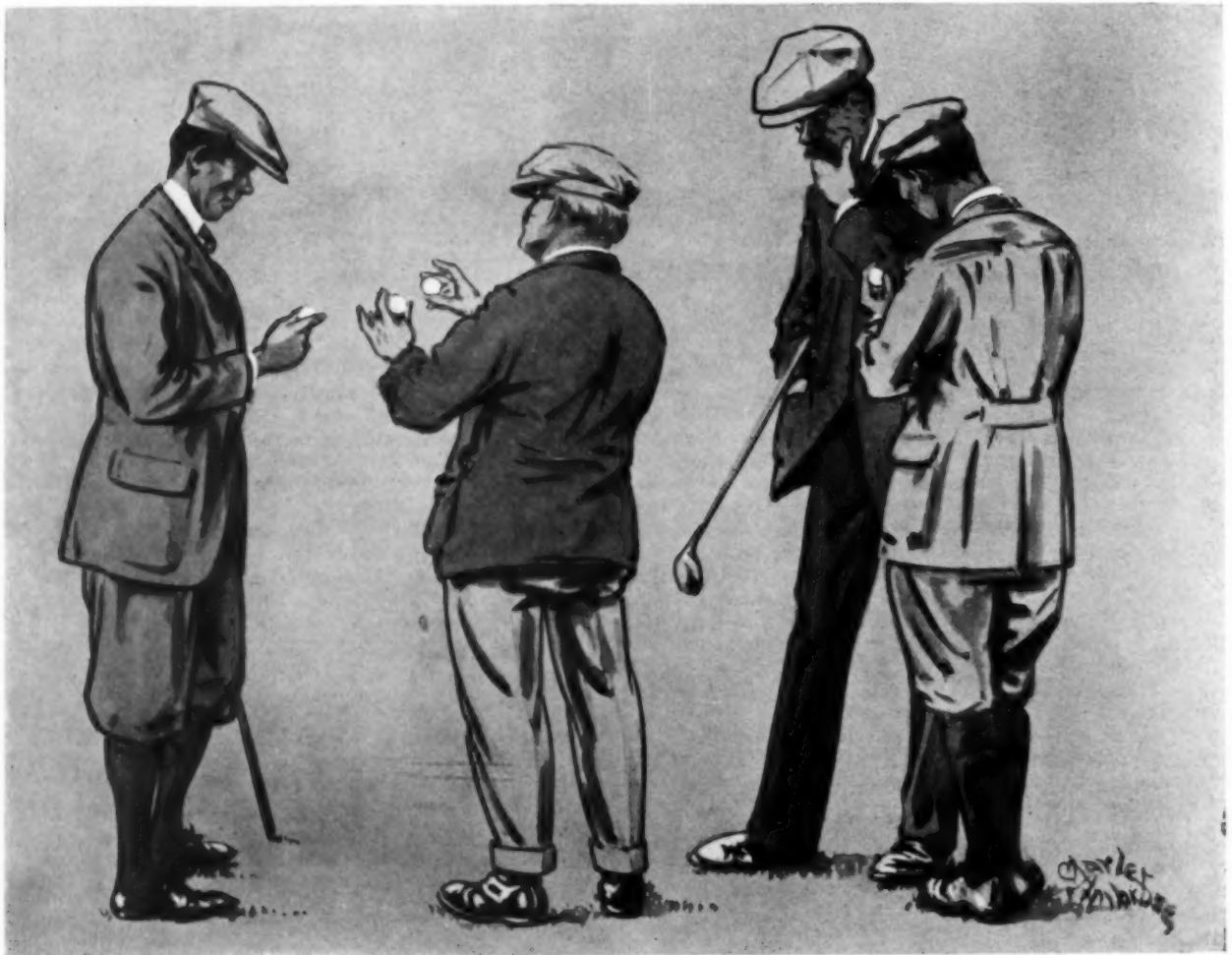
ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

FIFTY YEARS OF GOLF: THE FIRST AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE first amateur championship, as by law established, was played at St. Andrews, and started, for me, as I suppose did most things at that time of life, on the note of comedy. It must be understood that this institution meant a great gathering of the clans and of clansmen not very well known to each other. I dare say some of us had our own ideas that no one was likely to be unearthed from the dark places able to upset reputations more or less established; but everything was possible. I had carrying

player. You'll see; I shall beat him." This was retailed to me, and whether it were a true saying of the doctor's or whether the retailer had merely invented it to see how I should take it, and to raise my ire, I do not know to this day; but I do know that it did raise my ire, and that I went out in the morning with a very grim determination to play my hardest. I had no idea of any amateur starting out with the expectation that he was going to beat me, unless, indeed, it were Johnny Ball. I played steadily; the doctor was not at all at his best, and I won—I think it was the first seven holes. At all events, it was such a number as made the match a very comfortable



Duncan.

Taylor.

Braid.

Vardon.

GUTTY v. RUBBER CORE.

for me one of the numerous family of Greig at St. Andrews; I presume some connection of the fine golfer of that name and of his brother, the lion-voiced starter. Of course, the prospects of the championship were the great subject of discussion, and during my first match of the tournament—I think things must have been going fairly easily, and that I had my opponent pretty well in hand—he said to me, "There's a mon Fogie, frae Earlsferry, and they say he's gein' tae win the championship. He's a terribly fine player an' he daes na' mind the gallery a dom." This was terrific news to me. By "the mon Fogie" I understood him to mean a Mr. Foggo of Earlsferry, whose name I had noticed on the list of the draw, and had noticed further that this Mr. Foggo would be my own fate in the second round of the tournament. That is, of course, always on the assumption that he and I both survived; and of his survival, after Greig's remarks, I had no doubt. When I came in I heard, to my surprise, as well, I may say, as to my relief, that this terror of Earlsferry had actually been defeated and knocked out on the last green by Dr. McCuaig. Of Dr. McCuaig I did not know very much; and then, on the evening of that day, it was reported to me that he had said, "I shall beat Horace Hutchinson to-morrow. I believe he is a good player, but he is a young

one. The doctor took his beating in the best of spirits, and bore no ill-feeling whatever.

Altogether that was a comfortable championship. After the first thrill of the terror inspired by the reputation of "the mon Fogie," it went on oiled wheels. Mr. Mure Fergusson, I remember, was a hole up going to the eleventh, and I was a little anxious, but he let me win in the end, though only by a hole, and then it looked very much as if I should have to play Johnny Ball in the final—which was never to be regarded as a holiday. But the unexpected happened. In the semi-final he had to meet Henry Lamb. Henry Lamb was a beautiful golfer. It was he who invented the "bulger," that club with its convex face off which the ball flew with a straightness that was a revelation. You see, before the bulger was invented, the faces of our wooden clubs, by the perpetual contact and hammering of the hard "gutter" balls, always got worn away, so that instead of being flat, they were very decidedly concave. And you may understand what the effect of that gradient of face would be—to emphasise and aggravate every sin of heeling or toeing to which golfing flesh was heir. Therefore, the good influence of the bulger was not really so much in introducing the first convexity, though that in itself helped the ball to go straight

off it, but it also corrected that fatal concavity which the clubs soon assumed of which the faces were flat to start with. Instead of beginning concave, after much battering, the face of the bulger became merely flat.

So it was a blessed invention; and as to its inventor, he was not only a player of a very fine and graceful game of golf, but he was also the most delightful fellow to play with that could be imagined. He had a temper which in its perfect serenity was a most valuable golfing asset to himself, and also most valuable in the charm of the companionship which it brought into a round of golf with him. His mode of addressing the ball was remarkable, for he stood as if he were going to drive at an angle of at least forty-five degrees to the right of the hole. I remember, at some inland course in the South, where his strange method was not known, a caddie calling out to him as he was on the point of driving from the first tee: "Stop, stop, you're playing to the wrong hole." Henry Lamb gave the boy one of his sweetest and most lamb-like smiles, and proceeded to drive the ball two hundred yards straight down the middle of the course—to square leg. He used to swing round so far as he came down that really it was to the cricketer's square leg that he drove; and yet his style was a singularly graceful one, which seems as if it could not be. It was a singularly effective one no less, and he was a medallist on most of the courses then known to the golfer. Still, he was not a Johnny Ball. On that day, however, he proved himself a greater than Johnny Ball, who was far from being at his best, and when I came in from my own semi-final effort I learned with a breath of even deeper relief than I had given to the shade of the defunct "mon Fogie" that Henry Lamb and not Johnny was my man for the final. Neither of us started well in that final round—it was only of eighteen holes in those days; but I began to get going after the fourth hole, and Henry Lamb was, I think, a little done after his match with Johnny. At all events, he let the holes slip away very quickly, and I had an easy win, on which he was the first to offer his congratulations—a very courteous gentleman!

The intelligent student of golfing history up to this period might very well note, and with some surprise, that whenever reference is made to Johnny Ball it always seems to be as of one disappointing expectation. And that, in truth, was very much the case. Men of Hoylake used to come to me almost with tears in their eyes, because they knew that they had my full sympathy and understanding. They knew that I knew what a terror Johnny Ball really was on his own course and when playing his right game. But what afflicted them almost to hysterics was that he never seemed able to produce this wonderful best of his when he went away to play anywhere else than at home; and the consequence of that was that the other folk, the Scotsmen, laughed at them, saying: "This local idol of yours has feet of very poor clay"—or gibes to that effect. They took it very badly. It is hardly to be believed now, when we know what a brilliant lot of victories in all fields Johnny has to his credit, that he had to wait a very weary while, and to suffer a number of disappointments, before he began to come to his due. When he did come, he was not to hold nor to bind.

H. G. H.

THE GUTTY EXPERIMENT.

NEXT Thursday will see Vardon, Braid, Taylor and Duncan making their already famous experiments with the gutty ball. They are depicted by the artist as not appearing altogether satisfied with the gutties—one of

which looks, indeed, as if it were not quite round; and they probably have had a difficulty in getting balls of the right age. Those that have survived from prehistoric, pre-Haskell times are far too old, and it is small wonder that Duncan knocked three out of shape in a single round. On the other hand, gutties used never to be quite at their best until they had been kept some while, so that brand-new ones are likely to be too young, and so not wholly satisfactory either. However, let us hope for the best—gutties in the pink of condition and nice soft beech heads to drive them with over the mountainous sandhills of Sandy Lodge.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION.

The great Mr. Jerome Travers has landed on our shores in order to practise betimes for the Amateur Championship, which will be played for at Sandwich in May. He has already played once in our Championship, namely, at Muirfield in 1909, but he was then in no kind of form, so that for all practical purposes this is his first invasion. He is already tolerably familiar to the imagination of British golfers from the accounts of the terrible things he has done, both on the green with his Schenectady putter and on the tee, spurning wooden clubs, with a heavy iron, which has become, in much retelling of the story, a huge and murderous bludgeon. No doubt he is a very formidable player, and certainly his fellow-countrymen think so, for it is but rarely anyone of them produces his best game against the four times champion. It is partly his power of recovery, backed by the dead iest putting, that inspires this terror, and partly, also, I think, something in his personality and manner of match playing. There is a silent, concentrated, calm fierceness about him which is most impressive, and must be worth quite a large number of holes a year. The faith that his admirers have in him is a thing that cannot be shaken. In last autumn's Championship at Garden City, in the first round, which is only one of eighteen holes, Mr. "Bob" Watson began the match by doing 3, 2, 3 for the first three holes and was three up with fifteen to play. Yet the idea that Mr. Travers could lose never occurred to anyone, and sure enough he won quite comfortably.

A GREAT MATCH AND A GREAT SHOT.

I recall with peculiar vividness one shot which I saw Mr. Travers make in his match against Mr. Ouimet, a match which, for brilliancy of play by two amateurs, has not often been surpassed. After desperately hard fighting, Mr. Ouimet was one up going to the eighth hole in the second round, and, playing the odd, he laid a very fine long iron shot within some nine or ten feet of the hole. It was a most critical moment; Mr. Ouimet seemed likely to get two up, and if he did that he would clearly take a great deal of catching. Mr. Travers thereupon played what was under the circumstances one of the most magnificent shots imaginable. He put his ball within seven feet, inside Mr. Ouimet's, holed his putt for three, though he was very nearly stymied, and won the hole. Thus he was all square instead of, as seemed probable, two down, and this hole proved the turning point of the match. Mr. Travers never looked back afterwards. Mr. Ouimet faded a little, and was beaten in the end on the sixteenth green. There have doubtless been many shots made just as good, but not often at so crucial a time, and I never saw one that impressed me more. I have told of it at length because it is a good example of the kind of thing we have to be prepared for at Sandwich.

INSECT ATTACKING GOLF GREENS.

As Professor Lefroy in his important letter on this subject last week mentioned that the presence of the green-destroying insect was first reported from Denham, it is interesting to recall that in December last we published a letter from Turner, the Denham professional. He expatiated in a pathetic manner on the state of his third putting green, which on one day "turned very rusty; next day it had become much worse, and two days later it was a really dreadful colour." He also described the detestable little chrysalises, which he believed did the mischief. We are told that Mr. Lucas has suffered at Swinley Forest from the depredations of this insect on his greens, and is sending some turf to Professor Lefroy. Next week we shall hope to publish some further experiences of the defenders of putting greens.

B. D.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE BLUE WHALE.

TILL recently it was always supposed that, measured by bulk alone, the blue whale (*Balaenoptera Sibbaldi*) was not only the largest living animal, but the largest that had ever lived. Then came accounts from the whaling stations at the Cape of whales of 100ft. in length.

Later still came records of even greater length from the Norwegian whaling stations at South Georgia. Round about this island blue whales, finner whales and hump-backed whales are, or were before the raids of the whalers began, met with in huge numbers. Since the "fishing rights" belong to Great Britain it was decided by the Government to send out a mission, last autumn, to enquire into the rate of slaughter which is going on, with a view, if necessary, to take steps to regulate the fishing, in order to prevent the extermination of the whales. Major Barrett Hamilton was chosen for this difficult task, and unhappily died just before the completion of his investigations. But his visit has yielded some valuable scientific results. In the first place he has established the fact that the blue whale of the South Atlantic may attain a length of as much as 103ft. Specimens of these were unfortunately not secured. But a pair of paddles and parts of the skeleton of a cow measuring 9ft. have just arrived at the British Museum, and these far exceed anything of the kind ever before seen in this country, and are to be permanently preserved. With them have come an enormous pair of paddles of the hump-backed whale. These also constitute a record, and they are being prepared so that

they may take their place in due course in the galleries of the museum. It seems incredible that creatures of such Brobdignagian proportions could support life almost, if not entirely, on the minute crustacea known to the whalers as "krill," but such is the case. The paddles of the hump-backed whale were encrusted with masses of huge barnacles, belonging to two distinct species. The one, a sessile form, *Coronula*, the other, a stalked species, *Lepas*, were always found in close association, the stalked form being anchored to the shell of his larger sessile relative. Such uninvited guests must be a source of constant irritation to their host, but they cannot be dislodged. It will, we learn, be some months before these interesting specimens are ready for exhibition, but they will make a remarkable addition to the Whale Room when they are at last placed in position.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE PLUMAGE BILL.

The public meeting, presided over by the Duke of Marlborough at the Caxton Hall on March 19th, may be counted a great success. The purpose of the meeting was to express approval of the measure now before the House of Commons to prohibit the import of birds' plumage into this country. That measure passed its second reading a few days ago by a very large majority; but, as Sir Sydney Buxton pointed out in his interesting speech, many Bills have reached that stage only to meet with disaster later, so it may be hoped that this public expression of sympathy with the objects of the present Bill may help it to weather the dangers of the Committee stage, on which it is now

embarked. Mr. Page Croft, M.P., Sir Harry Johnston and other speakers showed, conclusively to our minds, that so far from a loss of trade to this country being involved by the passage of this measure, there would be merely a change in the character of the trade, if not, indeed, an actual increase of employment resulting from the diversion of trade from France and other countries.

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY.

After the annual meeting of the British Ornithologists' Union on March 18th an exhibition of photographs of birds was given by members of the society, and one who had not attended those meetings for some years was struck by the rapid progress that had been made recently in this branch of ornithology. Not so long ago, photographs of tits and thrushes sitting on their nests were loudly applauded; nowadays the photographic sportsman aims at some of the shyest birds, such as the oyster-catcher, the Norfolk plover or the dotterel, and the results obtained by some of them are remarkably successful. Miss E. L. Turner showed a series of photographs of the waxwing, some of which have already been reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE, and Dr. H. O. Forbes showed a most interesting set of views of the four species of birds, pelicans and gannets, which inhabit the Guano Islands off the Coast of Peru; it was difficult to believe that the dark clouds over the sea were really flocks of birds flying to their breeding grounds. But, without any disparagement of the work of the other exhibitors, it must be said that the series of Lumière plates shown by Dr. F. G. Penrose exceeded in beauty any that we have seen. The delicacy of tone, particularly in the shades of grey and brown seen in the back of a sitting ptarmigan, was as near to perfection as anything that has been achieved by modern photography.

THE RED-BACKED SHRIKE.

The photograph shows a red-backed shrike or butcher-bird sitting on a twig of gorse, a not very usual perching place. More commonly this bird is seen perched on a hawthorn or, if there be such a thing in its neighbourhood, on a telegraph wire. The shrike particularly affects thorn trees, as it makes use of the sharp spikes to impale its prey, young birds, frogs, lizards and insects, thus making its so-called "larders." From this habit the bird is in some districts known as the "flusher," i.e., fletcher. The red-backed shrike is a fairly common visitor to the South of England, arriving in the early days of May.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

The secretary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds wishes to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of five shillings sent to the Lighthouse Fund by Mr. C. T. Salusbury in response to the appeal made in "COUNTRY LIFE."

BIRDS NEAR LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

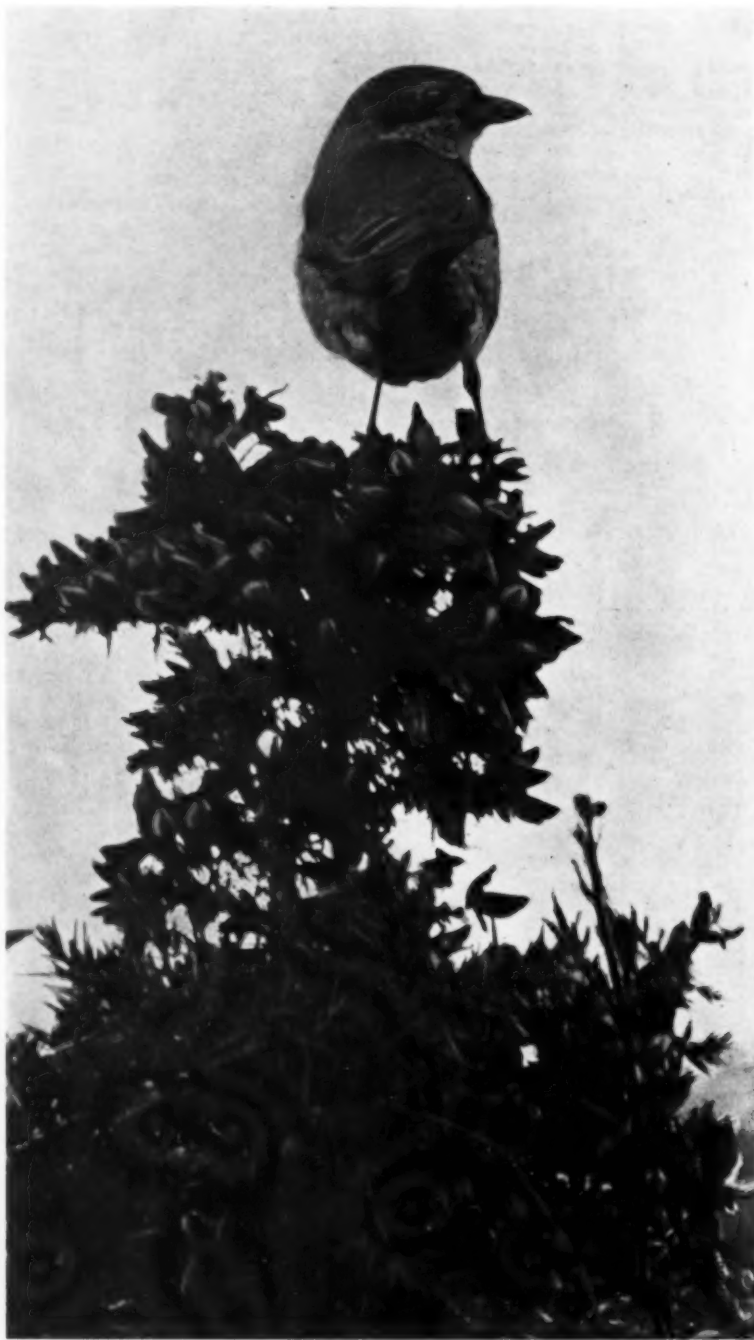
SIR,—I see that a correspondent in your natural history columns asks if the greater spotted woodpecker has been noticed breeding in London. The year before last one of these birds made its nest and hatched out its young in a pear tree, in the trunk, about six feet from the ground. Last year I found no signs of it, but just over a week ago I was walking past its old nesting-hole when it flew out. Since then I have seen it twice in the neighbourhood. Another bird which I do not think is often found so near London is the snipe, one of which I disturbed feeding near a small pond here. Jays are numerous; I have seen as many as six all fly from the same tree, and last year there were two nests in the garden. Last year also a wryneck nested on the outskirts of a garden here. All these birds were seen within a mile of the Crystal Palace, and I should think that there must be many more woodpeckers in this neighbourhood than the pair mentioned. Though hardly London, yet this district is only six and a half miles from the centre of the City.—T. A. ECCLES, Upper Norwood, S.E.

BATS BY DAYLIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The following experience may be of interest to you; though unavailing, as a warning to bats addicted to the dangerous habit of flying by day. One sunny April morning I was surprised to see a bat circling about the garden. During one of its turns, close to me, there was a sudden "swish" of some large object past my ear, and behold! poor bat swept off by a sharp-eyed hawk! I venture to place on record the following instance of bat cunning. For several days in succession a mouse—so it was supposed—left a trail on the floor of my bathroom. Every sort of trap was tried, without effect; and as no hole could be discovered, pussy was shut up there for a night. Still the trail appeared in the same spot every morning on the housemaid entering to prepare the bath. Lying in the bath, ruminating over the mystery, one morning, it occurred to me as extraordinary that the mess should always be in exactly the same spot, and, gazing into a dark corner behind a door-jamb, I noticed a piece of string stretched across the corner, and the centre of this string exactly plumb the spot. Then it flashed across me that we had to deal with a bat. And so it proved. For, on the window being shut

every evening, next morning showed a clean floor. But as fresh air was necessary, the window was opened as usual and a muslin curtain drawn close across to block the entrance. This, however, did not suffice to keep out master bat, for he invariably managed to wriggle in, enjoy the warmth of his perch close to a hot tank, to leave his mark and wriggle out again before the housemaid entered in the morning. At last the housemaid, whose patience and temper had been sorely tried by master bat's insanitary ways, found him hanging to the handle of a flushing cistern one afternoon; but being a timid person, albeit five feet ten inches in her stockings, she ran off for Cooky, who, being of iron nerve, was always inveigled into the rôle of executioner whenever there were wasps, beetles, spiders or other savage monsters to be tackled, and that hard-hearted person consigned master bat to the bath and turned the water on.—H. N. S., SOMERSETSHIRE.



J. H. Symonds.

SHRIKE.

Copyright.

EXCESSIVE HEIGHT OF YOUNG POLO PONIES.

BELOW we are giving a selection from the large number of letters which we have received in answer to the one from "Heather" which appeared in last week's issue. These letters are sure of attention, since they come from those who speak with the highest authority. Among the writers are judges, owners, breeders who do not exhibit and breeders who do. These letters carry their own certificates with them:

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter signed "Heather" in your last issue much interested me, and from experience of trying for several years to breed polo ponies to type, there are many points in that letter with which I agree. In the first place, I am a strong advocate of breeding from known quantities—that is to say, in trying to breed polo ponies to start with mares which have played the game and proved themselves good enough to have played in first-class tournaments, as well as being registered and holding the Hurlingham height certificate of 14h. 2in. or under. These can always be got with money, but the question of securing a suitable stallion is a more difficult problem. The game during the last few years has become so much faster that more galloping and thoroughbred blood has had to be infused into the stud in order to get the pace. The breeders began to experience difficulty in finding thoroughbred stallions small enough for this purpose to cross with their mares, as there was a great scarcity of the 14h. 2in. high thoroughbred pony. A resolution was then put forward, and passed by the Polo Pony Society, raising the height limit of polo pony stallions to 15h. This means that they are now crossing the pony mare with the racehorse, and, while this may answer for a few years, there is great danger of losing the pony type and blood and breeding animals too big and too light in bone. There is also the likelihood, with this blood, of producing big animals, which are sent to the shows in the classes for young stock, where, of course, the smaller ones are swamped, and the big ones, other things being equal, win as yearlings and two year olds. They may be naturally big or they may have been forced for show purposes; but the chances are that many of them, and particularly those sired by the bigger stallions, will not remain true to the type or keep within the height limit when fully grown. The only remedy, in my opinion, is to do away with the yearling classes at the shows, and give greater encouragement to the classes where the entries can with more certainty be described as polo ponies.—TRESHAM GILBEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—From practical experience in breeding and buying young polo pony stock I should say that the National Polo Pony Society are most wise in not rigidly limiting the respective heights for yearling, two year old and three year old ponies. There can be no absolute law for height until the pony has attained the mature age at which he obtains his Hurlingham certificate. Generally speaking, so long as he can obtain that the bigger he is, granted he is built on correct polo pony lines, the more valuable he will prove. I do not think your correspondent need fear that all prize-winning ponies are "forced" youngsters because they happen to be well grown. To do a pony well and keep him growing must be the aim of every breeder who wishes to see a return for his money, but that is to follow out the natural law of health and consequent growth, which is not at all synonymous with forcing. The only young pony I have ever had to "force" (she is a very famous show ring pony now) was one I bought in what some people would call a "natural condition." In other words, she was a clean-bred pony left to grow up on what grass she could pick, with a trifle of corn in the winter. The result was she was a hand smaller than she should have been as a two year old; but I managed ultimately to "force" her to 14h. 1½in. at four years old, still too small to make a first-class polo pony. To give examples of the heights as youngsters of two well-known ponies I have had, now in other hands: Tarantella, winner of light-weight brood mares this year, was a very big yearling, distinctly over height, as much overheight as a two year old, but got her Hurlingham certificate for life eventually. Pegaway, very big yearling, too big to show under old conditions of not exceeding 13h. 3in., full-sized two year old, turned out of class as too big at three years old, got her Hurlingham certificate, and won first prize at Roehampton as four year old. Ponies that are properly done from birth do most of their growing by the end of their second year, and frequently only grow a couple of inches after that, so that to bar big yearlings and two year olds would be to bar the future first-class polo pony and to subsidise a smaller pony in all probability ultimately useful only as a child's pony or light-weight hack. Moreover, it is well to recollect that for the most part the polo pony youngster has a strong strain of pony blood, which will counteract any tendency to great growth and which makes a speciality of polo pony breeding, apart from the recognised premises for thoroughbred and hunter stock.—SYLVIA CALMADY-HAMLYN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the question that "Heather" raises is an interesting one, and one that should be ventilated from time to time for the benefit of those inexperienced in polo pony breeding, as so many people start with a wrong idea on this subject, as I did myself. "Heather" need not be alarmed. There is little fear of young, well-bred polo stock growing too big. On the contrary, the difficulty usually is to get them to grow big enough. For each one that grew too big I found about three remained too small, and as the big misfits are far more saleable than the small ones it is better to aim high rather than low. Many ponies do not grow at all after they are two years old, others will go on till they are five, though these are the exception, if they have no mountain pony blood. It is really impossible to tell till they are grown up what the result will be, except that, as a rule, those one most wants to grow are those that stop early! I have kept a yearly record of the heights of all my ponies ever since I began breeding, and the list is really

of no value whatever. Ponies which have finished at the same height have differed immensely at the different ages, even those of the same parentage. Feeding up early for show forces on the size at first, but then they stop growing earlier too, very often, so it makes little difference. Sir J. Barker will agree with me, I think, in saying that the danger of the ponies becoming too big is not great, and his animals are always well fed. There used to be a height limit for the young classes at the London shows, but it was dropped because it was found to be unnecessary. I think the mountain and moorland blood is rather more inclined to respond by growth to good feeding than the thoroughbred, which, being more delicate, takes good food as a matter of course; but the variations are so many that it is really impossible to lay down any rule, except that it is easier to breed small ones than big ones, as with other branches of horse breeding. As Hurlingham is now allowing four year olds to be passed for life as to height, I should not think that playing ponies are likely to become much smaller just yet.—SUSAN IVES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not think there is very much in the criticism of your correspondent and think it is extremely unlikely the young stock shown and awarded prizes will prove too big when come to maturity. Highly bred young stock well done, and they are bound to be so to compete successfully in the classes mentioned, I think seldom show excessive growth in later years. Personally, I do not regret the increased height of the modern polo pony provided they are big ponies and not little horses. They are a more valuable animal for all the many purposes a riding pony is required for—hunting in a hilly or moorland country, boy and girl hunters and military purposes. The difficulty in breeding highly bred animals of any type is to get them big enough. As long as the type is right, I do not think we need fear that the height will become excessive. In other words, the type will control the height.—H. R. FAIRFAX LUCY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree that your correspondent has raised a very interesting point, viz., the abnormal height of some of the winners, well worthy of the consideration of the society; at the same time, I realise that it is not altogether an easy matter to deal with. The conditions of entry for young stock are that they must be by a registered or entered sire or out of a registered or entered dam, and not exceeding 14h. 2in. I find, on referring to the catalogue, that there were thirty entries of yearlings and two year old colts and fillies, and that, of these, seventeen (A) were by and out of a registered or entered sire and dam; six (N) by a registered or entered sire only; and seven (C) out of a registered or entered dam only. I have not by me a list of the winners, but it would be interesting to know their numbers in each of the above divisions. If it can be shown that they are mostly in division A, then I think your correspondent's objections cannot stand, for the ponies are obviously bred for a standard height, and forcing for the sake of a prize would defeat the main object in view. If, on the other hand, the winners come from divisions N or C, it is possible the owners may not have taken the same pains to breed for height, and it is a question whether abnormally tall colts or fillies in these divisions should be awarded prizes, especially if it can be shown that a large proportion of former winners in these divisions have outgrown the standard height. The question of future performance or successes, also referred to by your correspondent, is one that can hardly be considered within the ken of the judges.—CHARLES MONK.

[We find in the yearling and two year old classes that out of the fourteen entries where both sire and dam were registered, there were ten to which awards were given by the judges, i.e., two firsts, one second, one third, three fourths, one reserve, one highly commended and one commended. To the seven entries where the dam only was registered, six awards were made as follows: One first, two seconds, one fourth, one reserve and one commended. There were four entries where the sire only was registered and two thirds and a reserve were given. Two entries were made where the sire was registered and the dam was only in the supplement; prizes—a first and a second—were taken by both. In two cases the dam was unregistered and the sire in the supplement only, and a third was awarded. Nothing was given to the remaining exhibit whose dam was registered and sire in the supplement. It is presumed that in the case of the ponies entered only in the supplement, that, on account of overgrowth, they are ineligible for full Stud Book entry.—Ed.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "Heather," in his interesting letter on the excessive height of young polo ponies, asks whether our leading breeders find that these "forced" ponies that are so tall in their early youth keep under the standard height when full grown. The answer to this is that they do, and that the difficulty of breeders is to get the ponies big enough. The proportion of misfits that are too small is much greater than those that are too big for polo. There used to be a schedule of heights for ponies of one, two and three years old at Islington. This was abolished because we found that there is practically no relation between the height of a pony at the ages mentioned above and the height of the full-grown pony. There is a great advantage in feeding a young pony well. Good and reasonably stimulating food in the early years of a horse's life means make and shape. Moreover, I believe that if a pony is "forced," to accept your correspondent's phrase (for I think we mean the same thing), it does its growing early. If, on the other hand, it roughs it early in life, it will, when fed well, grow later, but will never have the make and shape of the pony that was well done by at first. Then, "Heather" goes on to ask "whether these youngsters that win prizes ever do anything as adults in the show-ring or on the polo ground?" They do; I could give many instances, but one from the late show will be sufficient. Oyster-shell, by Rudheath out of Seagull, won in the yearling class in 1910, the following year in the two year old class; she then came out again and won twice under saddle in 1914, the two judges being particularly thorough in testing ponies

as to their fitness for polo. There are many other similar instances. Taran-tella, the first-prize light-weight brood mare this year, was a prize-winner in the past. I will quote again from "Heather": "The polo pony breeder has always in front of him the dread that his ponies will go over size, which means serious loss." With both these points I disagree absolutely. The dread of the polo pony breeder is that his ponies will be, not too big, but too small. For that reason Mr. George Miller's proposal to raise the height of stallions to 15h. was accepted. As to misfits over size there is a demand for them, and I know of several sold at prices which would certainly not inflict a loss on the breeder.—T. F. D.

From the letters which we are only allowed to quote from owing to space, we can only give two extracts this week. A breeder writes as follows:

I quite agree with your correspondent regarding the height of some of these ponies. There are six mares sired by ponies over 15h. 3in. and in one or two cases over 16h., and consequently they produce sometimes large and over-sized yearlings and two year olds. These animals will never be registered as polo ponies, as they will grow too big. Take, for instance, the winner in Class 2, Black Fashion, that is the product of a sire close on 16h., and in all probability has been bred for a hack, and competes unfairly with polo-bred animals. What I would suggest is that all young animals should be measured that are by a sire over 15h. or out of a mare over 14h. 2in., then nobody could complain.

A well-known Argentine breeder contributes a most interesting letter, from which we quote the following:

I am of opinion that very few of the prize-winners at the last two shows held by the Polo Pony Society and at the Royal in the one and two year old classes will ever pass the standard at five years old. During the last twelve or thirteen years I have bred over three hundred ponies for polo, and since I have established a fixed type in the mares, have had hardly any failures. Some of the ponies have been a little too small, but as they were all excellent players and, on account of their size, exceptionally "nippy," they have always done as well as the bigger ones, and often better, so I may claim to have some knowledge and experience of the subject. It would certainly seem that the National Pony Society were now encouraging the breeding of too big a pony. The admittance of stallions of 15h. into the Stud Book was agreed to, as most of the ponies first bred from Stud Book parents were too small to be of any practical use for modern polo, but the reason why these ponies were all undersized was obviously because the mares they were bred from were nearly all too small, though we must not forget that the dams of several of the most successful sires of to-day were played in the days before the standard of height for polo ponies was raised to 14h. 2in. Of the 238 mares entered in the first volume of the Stud Book all were under 14h. 2in., except thirteen, and most of them were under 13h. Only four stallions of 14h. 2in. were registered in the first volume. The first volume in which polo pony mares were entered separately from those of native breeds was published in 1899, and in this volume, in the polo pony section, there were only sixteen mares over 14h. 1in., thirty mares being from 14h. 1in. to 14h. 2in., and the rest mostly very small. In the volume published in 1906, five or six years before raising the height of stallions to 15h., there were only nineteen mares of 14h. or under, and eighty-six of 14h. 1in. to 14h. 2in. It would, therefore, appear that the society were a little hasty in admitting stallions of a size bigger than the pony required to be bred, or, at any rate, in admitting

them for more than one or two years. It is most significant that polo players have recently voted almost unanimously against the 14h. 2in. standard of height being abolished, and as all the mares now being entered in the Polo Pony Section of the Stud Book are well up to the height limit, the original reason for admitting stallions of 15h. seems no longer to hold good. As things are to-day, it is very difficult, indeed impossible, for a breeder to fix a type, as he really has to breed three different animals in his stud, viz., a 14h. 2in. mare, a 15h. stallion, and a 14h. 2in. pony that is to be gelded. The very big pony that is a really first-class player is very seldom met with, and those responsible for mounting the International polo teams will bear witness that it is most difficult to suit our best players with the big ponies thought necessary for international polo. By admitting a number of 15h. thoroughbreds into their Stud Book, the society would seem to have run an enormous risk in introducing blood of a temperament quite unsuitable for polo. Temperament is admitted by all breeders of polo ponies to be the most important quality to consider in the sire and dam of a pony intended for polo, and it is very difficult to judge the temperament of thoroughbreds that have only been raced, or perhaps not even raced; so we may be put back as many years as the new rule has been in force by using stallions we know nothing about, except that they can gallop. How often do we meet with ponies that have good mouths, manners, courage and pace, and yet are quite unsuitable for polo because they are "too much of a horse," though measuring only 14h. 2in. They would probably make excellent race-horses, but that inability to put in a short stride at the right time and get quickly into their best pace makes them useless for good polo. Add to these faults the wrong temperament and you have as great a failure as the polo pony breeder could possibly dread, and he may very well get it by using a stallion which has only his looks and racing performances to recommend him. Then, again, we are losing the blood of our native breeds of ponies, which is so eminently useful and suitable and was doing so much to fix the required type of polo pony. To look at the financial side, the society are running the risk of losing the foreign markets, which are always the best for British breeding stock of all kinds, if they continue to admit stallions of 15h. into their Stud Book. There was beginning to be a good demand for the 14h. 2in. polo bred and proved thoroughbred 14h. 2in. stallion, but this cannot be expected to continue for the 15h. animal. In North America, Argentina and Africa they have fixed types of mares suitable for breeding polo ponies, and which do not require a stallion bigger than the animal intended to be bred. In any case, breeders in these and other countries, if not also at home, will fight shy of the 15h. polo-bred stallion which should really have stopped growing at 14h. 2in., but which has proved himself to be of no fixed type by growing to 15h., and the 15h. thoroughbred of doubtful temperament can be bought better—at any rate, as well—and certainly cheaper, on the spot. The foreigner has already a big start of us in mares, and the society are therefore running a further risk of letting him fix the required type of pony before they can do so themselves if they continue encouraging the breeding of a pony bigger than is required for polo. I hope I have not written too much on the subject, but I feel very strongly about it, and having had the advantage of breeding so many ponies, it is perhaps easier for me to criticise than breeders at home, who only keep a limited number of mares, and especially as most of the mares I am now using are bred by myself. Judging from the recent shows, there seems no doubt that ponies bred under the auspices of the society are getting too big, and as these are mostly from stallions of 14h. 2in. or thereabouts, those that are yet to be seen by the 15h. stallions, which now are evidently being generally used, will be bigger still.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR RAY LANKESTER ON CAGED ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It has been pointed out to me that your note in COUNTRY LIFE of March 14th, referring to an article of mine in the *Daily Telegraph* on Caged Animals, is so worded that it might lead a reader to suppose that I defended or excused the use of cruelty in the training of animals and approved of "trick" dogs, monkeys and horses. I should feel greatly obliged if you would make it clear that I expressed my abhorrence of these things, and that your own remarks were not antagonistic to mine, but practically a citation and endorsement of what I had written on the subject. The possible misapprehension to which your note may give rise is due to your writing that "the scientific student" (apparently indicating me), may wish so and so, and then stating that "there are others who prefer" a different condition of things; whence it would appear that I am opposed to the latter, although the fact is that the different condition of things (which you state is preferred by others) is actually what I had advocated and is adopted by you from my article.—E. RAY LANKESTER.

[Sir Ray Lankester's point is rather strained, but we are glad to express our absolute agreement with his views about caged animals and "trick" dogs, monkeys and horses.—Ed.]

MR. HUTCHINSON'S REMINISCENCES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I fail still to see "the real point at issue" which is so apparent to "Grex." The only point, so far as I was concerned, was that Mr. Hutchinson had confused the year 1879 with the year 1882, and had assigned certain players, including myself, to the former instead of to the latter year. He had also, strangely enough, forgotten that he himself played for Oxford in 1882. "Grex" says: "With regard to the history of the first 'Varsity golf match, the fact is that Mr. F. H. Lehmann, a brother of Mr. Ernest Lehmann, played in it." Unfortunately for "Grex's" "fact," my brother, F. H., did not play in the first match, but only in the second, in 1879. On looking up the record of the first match (in 1878), I find that Mr. Hutchinson has ascribed to it events which really occurred in the second match. In the first match he and Mr. Andy Stuart, instead of losing and halving respec-

tively to their opponents, won by 3 and 5 holes. In 1879, however, Mr. Hutchinson lost to Mr. F. Pattison by 5, while Mr. Stuart beat Mr. Linskill by 1. I have one small mistake in my first letter to correct. I stated that Mr. Hutchinson beat Mr. Welsh by 4 and that Mr. Linskill lost his match by 3. The figures should be reversed, for Mr. Hutchinson only beat Mr. Welsh by 3, while Sir Ludovic Grant beat Mr. Linskill by 4. In conclusion, I would point out that Mr. Hutchinson ascribed the first match to the autumn of 1878. It really was played on March 6th of that year.—ERNEST LEHMANN.

SOMERSET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In spite of a statement by one of your correspondents I cannot find "Somersetshire" or any name like it in Exon Domesday. "Sumerseta" is the name given to the county over and over again, but in one instance the spelling is "Somerseta." In Exon Domesday Devonshire is generally spelt "Devenesira."—C. B. ST. JOHN-MILDMAY.

HOUSE FLIES AND HIBERNATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing your query as to "Do House Flies Hibernate?" I should like to say that our experience during February this year is decidedly in the affirmative. My wife recently brushed out of bed-hangings many sleepy, full-sized flies, and I myself killed on one bedroom (sunny) window (not the same room) close on twenty full-grown flies that all came out one sunny day. The room also had a fire in it, owing to sickness; but not till the sun was warm one day did the flies appear. I killed them all off, and am now quite clear.—F. W. MILNES.

RIDING-MASTER OR MAJOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Allow me to draw your attention to an error in your issue of March 7th, page 330. You give there a picture of my cousin, Rittmeister von Oesterley, which you translate literally "Riding-Master von Oesterley." In the German cavalry an officer who would be called here "Major" is called

"Rittmeister," whereas in the infantry he is called "Major," the same as here. My cousin is Rittmeister or, according to rank here, Major in the Brunswick Hussars, and is a son of His Excellency General von Oesterley. According to English Army classification a Riding-Master is a non-commissioned officer.—E. KRAFTMEIER.

THE FRINGE TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of a very beautiful plant little known in England which we have forced for the first time this winter. It is called *Chionanthus* (fringe tree). It is covered with small white blossoms, like fringe, with a delicious perfume. It makes a beautiful plant for a room, and can be forced gently and made to bloom in March. I believe it is quite hardy and can be grown in the open to a bush about ten feet high, but we have not yet tried



A BEAUTIFUL MARCH BLOOM.

it here. In North America it is said to make quite a tree. I thought some of your readers who are lovers of flowers might like to hear of it.—ETHEL COMBE.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE was the first paper which presented to people who can see the beauties of garden and moor, mountain and stream as they really exist. Now, there is an unfortunate minority of readers who, though able to amuse and interest themselves with printed matter of a special kind, cannot enjoy the beautiful illustrations which you produce. I refer to those who are totally blind or whose sight is so defective that they can only read Braille with their finger-tips. May I ask you, who have given such boundless pleasure to the great sighted majority, to use your powerful advocacy in favour of the less fortunate minority who cannot see? We are conducting a great campaign with the object of cheapening and amplifying the supply of Braille literature

for blind readers. This can only be done if people who read in the ordinary way will be so kind as to help those who cannot, for Braille books are terribly costly to produce, and most blind people are poor people, who cannot even think of affording to pay, for example, the 19s. 6d. which it costs to produce a Braille copy of "Ivanhoe." The King and Queen have shown their sympathy with our campaign by inaugurating our at present unfinished premises. We want money to complete and equip these premises, and we want much more money to form a fund for equalising the cost of Braille books. Will you help us to get it?—C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Hon. Treasurer, National Institute for the Blind, 206, Great Portland Street, W.



BARBEL IN A FIRE HOSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which you may possibly consider interesting. It represents a barbel which, at a recent fire at Potchefstroom, stopped the flow of water from one of the hoses, and caused the hose to burst. It must have passed through a pump and the fire-engine on its way from the Mooi River.—S. T. HEATH, R.E. Mess, Potchefstroom.

MUD COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The mud-built cottages at Naseby mentioned by your correspondent appear to be much the same as those still to be found in many parts of Devonshire, where not merely the cottages, but many gentlemen's houses are what is there termed "cob-built." I believe, however, that the walls are chiefly formed not merely of earth, but of sods cut to the suitable size and pressed down one upon another. If they could be built with a "damp course" they would be excellent; but they probably date from a time previous to such precautions, and the damp is a terrible drawback. Also, the roof must be kept in excellent order, or they soon decay. They are, as your correspondent says, warm in winter and cool in summer, and if only they could be made damp-proof, would probably be much more comfortable than the modern thinly built and generally ugly brick substitute which is rapidly replacing them. Many of them still have the primeval hearth or ingle-nook, with a heap of wood and turf, or perhaps a large log smouldering on it, while the family kettle or cauldron swings above. The oven is made high up in the side, and when wanted is filled, desert-island fashion, with burning wood, which is afterwards raked out and the food put in. When I saw these fireplaces, I at length understood that puzzle of my childhood as to how in the world King Alfred's cakes could have been baking on the "hearth" among cinders and ashes! the only hearth I knew being that of a modern London kitchen or sitting-room, with a fire well above it. The same style of architecture prevails in the great plain of Hungary, and probably in most alluvial countries where stone and brick are difficult to get. Of Hungarian cottages I have no experience, but the Hungarian landowner, wiser than our Devonshire gentry, builds his house on a platform, with the rooms a good three feet above the soil, and on one side at least with a broad verandah or "balcon" on which, in warm weather, the family takes its meals and spends a good deal of its time. There is seldom a second storey, and never a passage; the rooms open one out of another, a drawback to our English ideas.—E. R. G.

FORCED THROUGH THE HYDRANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Reading in your issue of the 14th inst. the letter on old cottages built with solid mud walls, by Mr. J. B. Twycross, I thought the enclosed photograph of cottages built in a similar way, situated on St. Catherine's Hill, near Bournemouth, might be considered interesting. In Buckinghamshire they used to build the cottages of a kind of white clay, called locally "Witchit" (people seem to disagree on the correct spelling of this word), which is found about eighteen inches below the surface of the ground. A few years ago I stayed in one of these cottages in a village called Haddenham, seven miles from Aylesbury, and still have a recollection of the lumpy and uneven surface of the walls. I regret I did not photograph one of these cottages.—

G. A. M. BAKER.

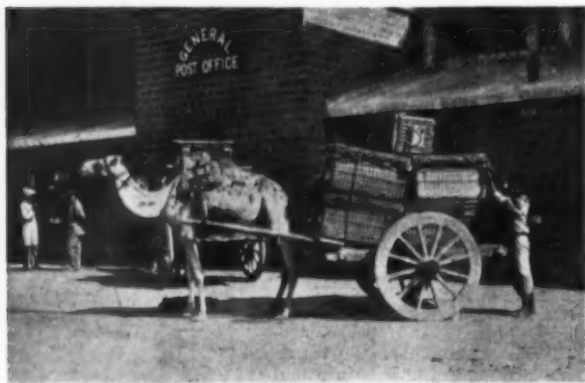


COB COTTAGES NEAR BOURNEMOUTH.

HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a camel mail cart, taken a few weeks ago at Aden. Although the mails for India and the homeward mails from there



A CAMEL MAIL CART AT ADEN.

are transhipped direct from ship to ship and are not landed at Aden, yet there is usually a large number of mails to and from the surrounding countries to be handled there. Possibly you may find this photograph of sufficient interest for publication in your journal as showing one of the methods of handling His Majesty's Mails.—L. DE M. M.

AN OTTER IN A LAMBING YARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph, taken by Mr. E. D. Thompson, of an incident which occurred here last week. A farmer went to look after some lambs



STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

in a field close to the River Lynher, and, not seeing them in the field, turned his attention to a drain which is in the field, thinking the lambs might have crept up the opening for shelter. He poked with a long stick and, feeling something move, he went for a shovel to dig. During the digging operation, however, the lambs appeared from the lower part of the field, and he closed the opening of the drain to prevent all danger. In the evening he went into the farmyard to look after some very young lambs which were in a shelter near the farmhouse, and as he opened the door some animal rushed past him and escaped. He thought in the dim light that the animal was a large cat, but to his surprise, he found lying on the hay beside the lambs a young otter, apparently about three months old. He called the gamekeeper to his aid, who took the little otter home and tried to rear it by the help of a feeding bottle and the warmth of an incubator. The baby took milk from the bottle and got warm and dry, but the following morning, alas! he was found to be dead—we think possibly he had been hurt. Perhaps if the movement in the drain was made by the otters, the long stick may have injured him. The other animal who rushed out must have been the old otter, who had been trying to get her child into a place of safety.—N. C. GREEN.

HARTWELL HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In relation to the articles on Hartwell House, you have just published, the rhymes enclosed may be interesting. On April 20th, 1814, the Conscript Fathers of Aylesbury went to Hartwell to meet Louis XVIII. on his way to London to his restoration at Paris. The procession or escort was headed by:

First a Dell and then a Fell,
Peck, Barker, Bailey, Berry,
Woodman, Dawney, Hayward, Bell,
Stone, Perrin, Gurney, Perry.

Some of these family names are still in Aylesbury.—EDWARD JOHN SLINN.

SLUG PESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I remember some correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE a little time back, giving advice as to the best means of ridding a garden of slug pests. A friend

gave me the following "tip," which has proved a most effective method of clearing away slugs: Cabbage or any sort of big leaves are dipped in boiling grease and left in likely spots in the garden at night; the grease on the leaves seems to attract an enormous number of slugs, and these leaves are picked up in the morning. Fresh traps are laid again the next night. It is apparently most effective.—C.

WILD GOATS IN LAKELAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reading ancient descriptions of the Lake Country one occasionally meets with mention of the goats which, a hundred and fifty or more years ago, ranged in apparently primitive wildness over our rougher fells. Here is the last in date, from Wordsworth's "A Guide to the District of the Lakes": "The following morning, incessant rain till eleven o'clock, when the sky began to clear, and we walked along the eastern shore of Ullswater, towards the farm of Blowick. The wind blew strong, and drove the clouds forward, on the side of the mountain above our heads; two storm-stiffened black yew trees fixed our notice, seen through, or under the edge of the flying mists; four or five goats were bounding among the rocks. . . . This is the only part of the country where goats are now to be found." And to this there is a footnote: "A.D. 1805. They also have disappeared." Certainly one finds no later mention, but the fact remains that there are still goats, living in a state of nature, on the fells about the Duddon in North Lancashire and Cumberland. In summer the flock is rarely visible; it feeds in the remotest ghylls and corries, and is so alert that even the shepherd at work comes across fresh traces oftener than their presence. In winter the animals draw nearer the dales, in snow-time particularly, and on several occasions flocks numbering up to forty have been seen from near Conistown Village. But hunger does not bring them within reach of the sportsman—they are wild and timid as ever. Whether goat-stalking might be added to the winter charms of the Lake Country is doubtful. The goats are certainly thoroughly wild and range over common lands—they may, indeed, be the aboriginal population of the mountains. In Wordsworth's time, and even to-day, the Conistown and Eskdale mountains, outside about one peak, are lonesome places given over to curlew and peregrine, raven, fox and the like. But though no record has come my way to clinch the matter, I believe that these goats were introduced by flock-masters of the neighbourhood. In the days about the Crimean War, when wool was "up," it was not pleasing that the sheep should frequent dubious and dangerous bits of the hills. A sheep is not a steady mountaineer. Up or down it can pass bad places without difficulty, but in passing along narrow ledges its round trunk causes disaster. The steep rocks force the body outward until the feet cannot reach the rock, and there is a fall. The goat is differently and not so broadly built as to the trunk, and can pass with ease very narrow ledges indeed. At first walls were built to keep the sheep out of danger, but proved little use. The goat is never willing to share pasture with the sheep, and putting a few of the former among the rugged fells was effective. By their horns, and equally by their strong taint, the flocks were turned aside and kept out of danger. When wool went "down," the goats had multiplied in number and were quite out of hand.—WILLIAM T. PALMER.

A HOWARD FOUNDATION FOR OLD LADIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed photograph showing the front of the Bede House, Castle Rising. It is a Howard foundation for old ladies, dating back to the sixteenth century, and I think you will agree with me that it is a fine piece of building.—C. H. HEWITT.



THE BEDE HOUSE AT CASTLE RISING.